JOHN BULL

Vol. XII. No. 305 | SATURDAY APRIL 6, 1912. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

381200

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

FOOTBALL VOUCHER
APRIL 6, 1912.
See page iii. of cover.

HER DISGUISE

The Story of a Mysterious House-keeper.

A FASCINATING NEW SHORT

SERIAL STORY

BY

GERTIE de S. WENTWORTH JAMES

Begins in this week's

MRS. BULL

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hold an immense stock of genuine high-class Second Hand ANTIQUE AND MODERN FURNITURE, £200,000 worth of high-class goods for sale, including FURNITURE, DRAPERIES, BEDDING, CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PIANOS, ETC., ETC.

The following is an abbreviated list of Furniture and Effects lately removed from

Milton Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens.
Drayton Road, Harlesden.
Dunsford Road, Wimbledon Park.
The Avenue, Chingford.
Maud Street, Rhyl,
and Elsewhere.

THE DINING ROOMS, ETC.,

comprise the following: Set of 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs, Georgian period, 14 guineas; Georgian Sideboard to match, 11 guineas; dining table to match, extending, £7 10s.; Bookcase to match, 6 guineas; very massive oak Sideboard, £5 10s.; Overmantel to match, £2 5s.; Extending dining table, £2 10s.; 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs in carved oak, 40 guineas; Sideboard, very finely carved, in oak, to match, 12 guineas; 3 Chesterfield Settees, £3 10s. each; 6 very fine Lounge Club Divan easy chairs, 27s. 6d. each; Carved Oak Dining Table, 4 guineas; Carved Oak Overmantel, £2 10s.; Saddlebag suite, £4 15s.; another dining-room suite, £3 15s.; Massive carved oak Sideboard, with oxydised copper fittings, bevelled plate glass, 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs to match, extending dining table, heavy curb suite, £15 10s. the lot; similar set in fumigated oak, £13 10s.; 10 real Turkey carpets, about 9 by 12, at 7 guineas each; 4 Turkey carpets, about 9 ft. 6 ins. by 12 ft. 6 ins., £8 10s. each; 20 Turkey rugs, from 25s.; numerous carpets in Tapestry, Axminster and Velvet Pile, all sizes, in thoroughly good condition, to be sold without any reserve; a most elegant Grand Piano, 18 guineas; an upright Grand Piano, 12 guineas; another by Adolph Achumann, 18 guineas; another, by Carl Strauss, 22 guineas; several Grand Pianos by Broadwood, Emil Pauer, Collard and Collard, Bluthner, and Beelstein; 3 Hall Stands, 18s. 6d. each; hall chairs, from 7s. 6d.; and all necessary effects for completely furnishing Dining Rooms, Smoke Rooms, Libraries, Studies, etc., etc.

40 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Amongst numerous other articles are the following: All Brass square tube Bedstead, complete with spring mattress, £3 15s.; 10 Black and Brass Bedsteads, 12s. 6d. each; 12 White and Brass Bedsteads, 17s. 6d. each; 21 Oak Combination Bedsteads, 15s. 3d. each; pair Twin Brass Bedsteads, £5 10s.; full size Black and Brass Bedstead, with wire spring, overlay bolster, and 2 pillows, 45s.; massive 2 ft. pillar bedstead, with sanitary woven wire spring, 26s. 6d.; all brass bedstead, heavy pillars, almost new, £2 10s.; 6 Solid Oak Bedroom suites, complete, £4 10s. each; 6 White enamelled Bedroom Suites, Louis XV. period, £7 10s. each; 4 large solid Walnut Bedroom Suites, £9 10s. each; 6 Sheraton design Bedroom suites, £7 10s. each; very fine Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 12 guineas; 3 Gents' Wardrobes, fitted with trays and drawers, £7 10s. each; a Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £28; very fine Italian Brass Bedstead, 13 guineas; Sheraton design bedstead, complete with bedding, £4 5s.; Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £35; 7 ft. Satinwood Bedroom Suite, fully inlaid, £100; pair of Bedsteads to match, £20; 6 ft. 6 in. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, £30; 7 ft. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 70 guineas; Sheraton design Bedstead to match, £9 10s.; 6 ft. Satinwood Bedroom suite, fully inlaid, £50; 6 ft. Olive wood Bedroom suite, almost new, 40 guineas; 12 Chests of Drawers, £2 10s. each; 2 Inlaid Sheraton design Cheval Glasses, £4 10s. each; and several other Bedroom Suites and Bedsteads, all to be sold without any reserve.

THE DRAWING ROOMS

include a very fine Chesterfield suite, upholstered in silk, most elaborate, £25; another Chesterfield suite in silk tapestry, £12 15s.; Satinwood finish Drawing Room suite, £8 15s.; large size 6 ft. Chesterfield and 2 easy chairs to match, £15 15s.; a Satinwood finish Cabinet, 8 guineas; Vernis Marten Cabinet, 14 guineas; Buhl Cabinet, £12 10s.; very pretty Boudoir Suite, 4 guineas; another, 6 guineas; 6 Chesterfields with adjustable ends, covered in art tapestry, £3 10s. each; 10 easy chairs, 25s. each; 25 Occasional Chairs, 6s. 6d. each; Occasional tables, from 20s. each; Satinwood decorated centre table, £2 5s.; Satinwood decorated China Cabinet, 13 guineas; Satinwood decorated Overmantel, £3 5s.; Gilt Drawing Room suite, 14 guineas; an all brass Fender Suite, 4 guineas; 6 Gilt chairs, 15s. each; 3 Gilt Berger chairs, covered in silk, 10 guineas each; Baby Grand Piano, 40 guineas; pair 9 light Candelabra, 7 guineas; 3 gilt suites covered in French silk, £8 10s. each; Curio Table, 30s.; 6 White enamelled Overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; 4 Axminster carpets, with borders, about 11ft. by 14 ft., £7 10s. each; several other Axminster and Velvet Pile carpets; large quantity of Sheffield plate and silver; also table linen, bed linen, draperies, etc., etc.

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Our Weekly Ballot for 50 Helpers at Two Guineas Apiece.

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 9th :—

3513	160536	353399	507017	678103
20869	171717	359245	517213	689554
37270	180444	350532	541782	700476
50190	202644	395870	555639	725181
55752	227922	416638	563859	753352
63626	254087	432606	580228	759733
90893	261600	455107	611056	823451
110865	308530	454052	630711	834813
122137	323861	461086	654648	859012
142383	344611	483168	662039	834214

The Fifty Numbers in Respect of this Week will be Announced in our Issue dated May 4th (Published May 2nd).

The John Bull League.

OBJECTS: To Stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to Create a Robust and Self-reliant Public Opinion; and to Promote a Common Sense Business Government for a Common Sense Business People.

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The General Secretary,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XII. No. 305. Week ending Saturday, April 6th, 1912. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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TO READERS ABROAD.

JOHN BULL *is on sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents throughout Great Britain and Ireland and the Continent as follows:—Paris, at the Railway Stations—Nord, Ouest, P.L.M., Orleans, l'Est: the principal Kiosques on the Boulevards, etc.: Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Bookshop, 248, rue de Rivoli: Libraries—Timotei, rue Castiglione: Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera: Lyron, rue Castiglione: Galignani, 224, rue de Rivoli: Anglaise, Avenue Victor Hugo: Charruel, rue d'Isly: Leheau, Avenue Kleber: F. Tennant Pain, 18, rue Favart, Wholesale and Continental Representative. Railway Bookstalls and principal Libraries at Marseilles, Hyeres, Cannes, St. Raphael, Nice, Beaulieu, Monaco, Monte Carlo, Mentone. In India, A. H. Wheeler & Co., and all their railway bookstalls. It is also obtainable through Messrs. Gordon & Gotch's Agencies in the Colonies.*

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

THE REAL ASQUITH.

Writing a year ago, we corrected the popular idea that Mr. Asquith is a cold, unemotional man. As a matter of fact, his heart is just as big and as warm as Mr. Lloyd George's—but he keeps it more under control. If it got the better of him on the collapse of the coal strike negotiations, it was because he was thoroughly run down and worn out with the strain of an ever hopeless task. Earthquakes *cannot* be cured by pills—as we endeavoured to show last week. And Mr. Asquith had discovered the fact.

THE PRIVILEGE OF COUNSEL.

We intend to run down to the House and introduce a Bill to curtail the privilege of counsel. It is time that some members of the Bar were made responsible for their outrages upon fair-play and decency. They spare nobody. They bully and blackguard litigants and witnesses, and they slander absent persons—who have no means of defending themselves, and no redress. And nowadays they act as unsworn witnesses as well as advocates. Under a Business Government a reckless barrister would have his licence endorsed—just like a chauffeur.

"SYNDICALISM."

The only fault we have to find with the recent prosecution of "syndicalists" is the advertisement given to the abominable name they have adopted for themselves and their creed. The advertisement of the creed itself is not a matter of any importance. Every sane man recognises that in the present state of the world it is necessary to maintain an automatic fighting machine, consisting of disciplined soldiers, who must not be allowed to "reason why," but must simply "do and die." That is one of the ironies of what we call Civilisation.

COMING ROUND?

What does the *Telegraph* mean by these words, taken from its leading article on the passing of the Coal Bill? "With the universal recognition of the facts forced upon the country by the present catastrophe, there will surely arise a universal desire *for a new statesmanship of industry*. . . . Is it to be believed that we shall simply relapse into the old confusion of perpetual bickerings and bad blood, until a worse disaster yet is prepared for us?" No, it is not. The nation has received a salutary lesson in the impotence of Party politics; and the day of the Business Government is at hand.

RAMSAY'S ROT.

We are growing weary of pointing out the utter uselessness of the Parliamentary Labour Party under the "leadership" of Ramsay Macdonald, the Scotch schoolteacher (who, it is said, never belonged to his own trade union), who poses as the spokesman of the workers. He was seen in his true light in the early hours of Wednesday morning last week, when, the passage of the Coal Bill being assured by the support of the Opposition, he braced up his courage and announced that his party would vote against it. And he well deserved the drubbing which he got from Mr. Lloyd George.

CANNY SCOTLAND.

A Scotch Jew is proverbially the shrewdest man in the United Kingdom. The other night the Glasgow Jewish Young Men's Institute held an "election." There were three candidates—Business Government, Liberal and Conservative. First result—Business, 23; Liberal, 23; Conservative, 14. Second ballot—well, you can guess the winner. Business, 32; Liberal 22. Dinna ye ken?

THE SUFFRAGETTES.

The window smashers have smashed the Bill—and there will be no votes for women yet awhile. What the militants do not understand is, the proper way for women to "strike." If they did, the miners wouldn't be in it. Properly organised, they could *bring the world to an end.*

KOSHER MEAT.

Do Meat Inspectors ever examine Kosher meat *after it is sealed?* We have a reason for asking.

CONCLUSIVE!

We recently published the prediction of a prophet that Nos. 8 and 13 would be two of the ruling numbers on the day of the Lincoln Handicap, and we were advised to bear the fact in mind with a view to getting out of all our troubles. Now we hear that "Long Set, the winner, was drawn No. 8, and Uncle Pat, the second, No. 13." What more do you want? Don't tell us that they bore different numbers on the "card," or that nobody could know what numbers they got in the draw for positions unless he were there just before the race. That is quibbling. Nor will we listen to anything about the fact that 4 and 10 were also to be ruling numbers.

A DOUBLE-DYED SINNER.

We observe that a lawyer who recently pleaded guilty at Edinburgh to misappropriation and forgery urged in mitigation of sentence that he was a good chapel-goer and secretary of the Bible-class. The combination of professional lawyer and amateur parson never did work well.

THE MINERS' DOGS.

There is a great deal of crudity about some people's notions of sport. The case of Eli Greenaway and Charles Carter, miners, of Cannock, is in point. Recently they whiled away the happy hours by setting two dogs to fight, and kept them at it for an hour and a half, until both were exhausted and one, which died, had an eye bitten through, an ear almost torn off, and its head and limbs terribly mutilated. The brutes were sent to gaol for 21 days, and we hope they will enjoy the skilly as much as they enjoyed the "sport." By the way, were these two men amongst those strikers who, according to Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., are seeking for the "sweeter and holier life"?

JUSTICE AGAIN AWRY.

The decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal that William Thompson was wrongly convicted at the Essex and Middlesex Sessions raises the question, what compensation is he to receive from the county or the Treasury?—it will matter not at all to him which pays. The fact that twenty-one witnesses identified Thompson also provokes us to ask whether the police system of identification involves conscious or unconscious bias against a prisoner. Whatever the cause, there has been a grave miscarriage of justice, as serious, and on similar methods of identification, as the Beck case, which made the Court of Criminal Appeal inevitable. This Court has undoubtedly justified its existence.

FROM KALGOORLIE, AUSTRALIA.

"An Old Reader" in Kalgoorlie, Australia, invites us to behold the spectacle of Australians clamouring for Free Trade in Australia, while Britishers are clamouring for Protection in England. We behold accordingly; but, after all is said, people are always clamouring somewhere. What says the old song? "The old would be young, and the young would be old, The lean only long to grow fatter; The wealthy want health and the healthy want gold"—but you know the rest. "Here's to the man who is pleased with his lot, who never sits sighing for what he has not, who e'er is contented with what he has got." Anybody seen him?

JUDICIAL DISCERNMENT.

From the *Hamilton Advertiser*:—

> Three Cambuslang miners were charged with sheep stealing, and, according to the evidence, "they spied the sheep caught in a barbed wire fence. The men lifted the sheep off the fence and carried it away. *Unfortunately, they skinned and quartered it.*
> "Sheriff Shennan: *Then they killed it!*"

What a brain!

THAT PRECIOUS "BOARD."

In the House of Commons last week, the following ludicrous colloquy occurred:—

> MR. MONEY (R., Northants, East): Are the Board of Trade inquiring whether the economies now being effected by the railway companies have due regard to the amount of coal consumed?
> MR. ROBERTSON (Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade): I know of no such inquiry.
> MR. MONEY: Does not the Board of Trade consider it its duty to protect the public in this matter?
> MR. ROBERTSON: I will lay the matter *before the Board*.

Whereupon, we presume, Mr. Robertson held a consultation with Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the *Speaker of the Irish Parliament*. Oh, for that B.G.!!

SOUTHWARK'S NEW TOWN CLERK.

A majority of three on the Southwark Town Council have done Mr. Westley, the Assistant Town Clerk, a scurvy turn. He was the natural successor to the Town Clerkship, but when Councillor R. C. Davies proposed his inclusion in the list of candidates, Councillor Wilson, ex-mayor, appealed to the Council not to admit it. "It may do him harm," he said, which was an unkind remark. Why should the application of the Assistant Town Clerk for the vacant Town Clerkship do him harm? Mr. Westley has nothing to be ashamed of in his career. He is reputed to have a good knowledge of law and of municipal administration, and, in addition, he has had the advantage of serving in the place where he would have exercised his official duties. What, then, was Mr. Wilson's objection? Why was he so willing to wound and yet afraid to strike?

THE MILLINERY BOYCOTT.

Mrs. Despard's suggestion that Suffragettes should go hatless, bonnetless, and toqueless until the Parliamentary vote is granted them, will meet with the general approval of husbands and fathers throughout the land. But the proposed boycott is not likely to "come off." Mrs. Despard is an elderly lady who, presumably, has outgrown the vanities of her sex and lost interest in the latest Paris models; but the rank and file of the Suffragette army are still young enough to appreciate the fascination of artistic headgear, and are likely to reject their staid leader's suggestion with contumacious scorn. As we say elsewhere, the question is not shall women wear hats, but shall they "wear the trousers"?

TO THE PIGS WITH THEM!

A Norfolk vicar, he of Great Witchingham, to wit, has been distinguishing himself in a manner somewhat novel. Some time ago our rev. friend had several of the church pews pulled up and sold to a builder for 12s. 6d. apiece, the said pews being at present used in the parish as pig-sties and chicken-houses. The Chancellor of the Norwich Consistory Court has given him a severe wigging in consequence, so perhaps the vicar will for the future cease his eccentricities. It is evident that the Chancellor had to draw the line somewhere, or peradventure the congregation would have gone to church one of these fine spring mornings to find that the Rev. Percy Gethin had sold the font for an early Roman wash-hand basin.

ASININE ADS.

Such advertisements as the following (from the *Cambrian News*) are surely getting a bit overdone:—

> FOR SALE, a Rotten Turn-out, Raleigh Car and cream-coloured gelding; black points; 5 years, 14 hands; cob was highly commended at Welsh National and goes sound every other day; selling to get your money; suit short-sighted elderly lady; view anytime.—Boughton Leigh, Glandyfi.

We wonder whether the advertiser is warranted "sound."

Evidence of Means.

Not long since a judgment creditor in one of the county courts alleged as evidence of means that his debtor walked about in a top hat; and now another has been trying to convince the county court judge of Marylebone that a man who owes him money has means because he wears a Piccadilly window in his eye. One thing leads to another; and probably one of these days somebody will bob up before the Westminster county court judge and demand that his debtor shall pay him £100 a month because he is employed by the London County Council or the General Post Office!

King Alfonso's Admirer.

A few days ago King Alfonso, the gentleman who signed Ferrer's death warrant, permitted himself an extra cheerful smile on receipt of the news that M. Sapene, an ex-mayor of Montaublon, France, had left to his Majesty £120,000—his entire fortune. It is only fair to the memory of Monsieur, however, to say that he died in a lunatic asylum.

Indian Converts in Service.

A gentleman long resident in India writes to tell us that most of the missionary converts in India are bogus. More often than not, natives turn Christians in order to plunder not only the missionaries, but others as well, he says. Christian native servants are nearly always dishonest, in his experience. "You can trust your native, if you treat him well, up to the point where the missionary gets hold of him, then his sense of *meum* and *tuum*, and likewise of truth, seems at once to tumble to pieces." Better leave him to his wooden idols, evidently. Some day we intend to go fully into the accounts of these missionary societies—whose money could be spent far better at home.

Mockery.

That wasn't by any means a bad joke of Mr. Symmons', the Greenwich magistrate. A girl was relating the sorrows she had undergone while living with her stepmother. For one thing, she said her breakfast consisted of bread soaked in hot water and seasoned with salt and pepper, her stepmother calling this mock turtle. "Now I know what I have been served with in Soho," exclaimed the magistrate. "I often wondered what it was." But has he tried the julienne at the eighteenpenny luncheons? The difference between this and the mock turtle is that he *wouldn't* wonder.

Mammon and Canon.

Though he has been appointed a Canon of York, the Bishop of Sheffield is not to receive the salary of £400 a year in addition to his £1,000 as suffragan. This raises the interesting question whether the cash has been resigned or whether it has been stopped. In any case, will the Archbishop of York be good enough to tell us where that £400 a year is going to? If it is hypothecated to raise the stipends of a few young curates, mum's the word.

Mummy Mongering.

There is a not altogether sweet-smelling savour about some of the scenes which have been witnessed lately in auction rooms when mummies have been put up for sale. Dead bodies in museums are bad enough, but the type of mind that takes a delight in making a private collection of preserved human remains passes comprehension. There is a slump in mummies, however; a "full-grown" one will fetch only about twenty-five shillings, even with a dead cat (mummified, too, of course) thrown in as a make-weight. The spectacle of men bandying jokes over the small prices obtainable for somebody else's dead is not altogether elevating. Why not put up for sale human remains discovered during the demolition of old houses?

Laying it on Thick.

The other day was held the "spring meeting"—that is the official description—of the Cheshire Association of Baptist Churches, and, as became the occasion, various papers were read. One of them was about the indifference of the churches to "the people's cry"—whatever that may be—and here is an extract from it, the author being the Rev. M. Caldwell, of Lancaster. "They had a modern Moses in Mr. Lloyd George. From the hills of Wales God had chosen His man, who was the greatest man alive." Moses!

Stamps and Sausages.

"I was horrified," says a reader, "to see, when taking a stamp out of one of the G.P.O. stamp books, that somebody's sausages are advertised therein. Do not you think that as these are of pork (I am told), this may be an advertisement that might be offensive to a great many who help in this country to pay taxes?" We do indeed, and the matter must be looked into.

A Word With Mr. Burns.

Is it true that at Belmont Workhouse, Surrey, throughout the recent wet and bleak weather the inmates have been without any heat in their day rooms, although steam pipes are laid on—notwithstanding that there was no scarcity of coal, and that during the same period 22 bushels of grass seed, costing £20 7s., was purchased for the officers' cricket ground and bowling green?

The Latest News From Canada!

We are obliged to the *Mail and Empire* (Toronto) for the following personal information:—

> It appears that one of Mr. Bottomley's creditors was the Prudential Assurance Company, from whom Mr. Bottomley had borrowed considerable sums of money. When the gifted member and journalist became bankrupt the company was a large creditor. Mr. Bottomley made an offer to his creditors, and, fearing that the Prudential people might not like it, he threatened them with exposure if they persisted in examining him in the Bankruptcy Court. His solicitor, Walter John Wenham, acted as his agent in communicating the threats to the company. Instead of submitting to the ultimatum the insurance company laid a charge against Mr. Bottomley. . . . In 1894, Mr. Bottomley was the proprietor of a paper called the *Joint Stock Circular*, which was the father of John Bull.

Now we know all about it!

More From Canada.

This from a Canadian reader, now in Toronto: "Englishmen should not think of coming to Canada unless they have their pockets well lined, and then I figure they will do just as well, quality for quality, at home. Unemployment is just as bad in Canada and the U.S.A. as here. At one store a strike is taking place for better conditions. The Salvation Army are giving away food tickets to people they have helped to bring over; the missions and the church agencies are also engaged in similar work. The Charity Organisation Society is appealing for funds, as there has been more distress this year than for years past. £1 a week in England is worth 12 dollars, £2 8s. here. The cost of living is increasing almost every week. I wish somebody had power enough to stop this ghastly emigration fraud." Perhaps somebody will have.

"John Bull" in Buenos Ayres.

A reader in Buenos Ayres says that "in this city, if you do not go to the book stores on mail day, it is useless to try to get John Bull on other days, as the paper is sold out on the day it arrives, there being such a large sale for it here." They tell pretty much the same story in Philadelphia, Timbuctoo, Jerusalem, and Jericho.

Vengeance at Canning Town.

A baker's shop in Canning Town, E., has this notice in the window. "Notice: For Makeing better Bread than my Landlord he's Rose my Rent 8s., so I must Raise my Bread Again." In other words, "vengeance is mine," saith the landlord.

Judge Graham of—Burnley.

We have already said that Judge Graham's habit of reserving judgment on the simplest matters does not give unalloyed pleasure at Bradford. Latest news reaching us now reveals that His Honour's habit of turning up late does not give unbounded satisfaction at Burnley. It seems that the late Judge Bompas always commenced work at Burnley Court at 10 o'clock of a morning. Probably because he is not so early a riser, Judge Graham does not start until 11.30. The result is, witnesses are kept hanging about the premises, and cases are often adjourned which might be finished if His Honour got earlier to business, say, at 10.30 a.m.

The Innocents Abroad.

The recent arrest of three German lads who came a-camping to the Isle of Wight, guilelessly settled in a forbidden place, and presently commenced to take photographs of the scenery with a toy camera, should be a horrible warning to innocents abroad that in this country anybody above 13 with a camera costing more than half-a-crown is liable to be arrested by the military authorities if he takes a photograph of any part of the landscape, seascape, or skyscape which includes the shadow of a fort in the distant scene. For many reasons these disillusioned children of the Vaterlandt have our sympathy. The worst of it is that the Germans may attempt reprisals. Indeed, in our mind's eye we can see half-a-dozen British Boy Scouts on holiday bent camping one day at the foot of the Hartz Mountains and being arrested, inquired into, proved guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in a German jail for attempting to take photographs of the estuary of the Elbe with a guinea Kodak.

Holy Men at Grimsby.

Destitution has reached such a state of acuteness in Grimsby as a result of the coal strike that the Mayor has had to summon a town's meeting to consider means of relieving the distress. Many contributions were given and promised, but on the notification of an offer by the proprietor of a local professional orchestra to give a Sunday concert in aid, Canon Markham, the Vicar, rose in his holiness to protest against any part of the funds being raised by Sunday labour, in which canting plea he was joined by the Rev. H. Spendlow and Councillor Eason. The question which troubles the souls of these saints is not Sunday labour at all, but the fear that somebody may be entertained by an orchestra on Sunday in a theatre, instead of going to church or chapel to be preached at. In their eyes Sunday labour in a choir, or at an organ, is meritorious if the collection is for the curate's stipend or the conversion of a Jew or a Chinaman; but playing fiddles, clarionets, and flutes, trumpets also, and shawns, in order to collect a few pounds to buy food for starving men, women, and children is a sin and a scandal of the devil. It is a topsy-turvy sort of Christianity, isn't it?

Stores and Short Weight.

It is the scandalous custom among some of the large firms owning stores to force their assistants to make a certain percentage of profit, though in order to do so it is necessary for them to give short weight. When a prosecution ensues, they shield themselves behind their unfortunate employés and so allow them to bear the whole of the brunt of paying the fines. The poor men are, unfortunately, thus between the Devil and the deep sea—they must rob the public or be dismissed.

Are You Shy?

The *Lancet* has evidently seen some shy people recently. We have not noticed any ourselves for quite a long time. Shyness, it says, "throws a man upon his own resources; society ceases to be a necessity to him, and this may have been one of the reasons of the Anglo-Saxon's supremacy as a pioneer in the untrodden regions of the earth." Anybody noticed Peary or Scott blushing?

Scott and the S. Pole.

By-the-way, where *is* Scott? Amundsen says *he* has found the South Pole, and having heard the news, Scott may be anxious to check his topography.

Deceptive Dials.

Whenever you are in a hurry to keep an appointment and are not quite sure of the time, it is somewhat irritating and perplexing to drive for about two miles and find either that each clock you pass tells exactly the same time as its predecessor, or that it grows earlier and earlier the further you go! We ought to have public clocks, properly synchronised, in all the public thoroughfares. Meanwhile, we might at least prevent private persons from misleading us by the exhibition of untruthful time-pieces.

An Ancient Man.

While digging for gold, precious stones, or gaspipes a few days ago, somebody discovered near Ipswich the skeleton of a prehistoric man. The poor fellow is believed to have got tightly stuck in the earth long before the glacial period, when Britain was probably covered with immense layers of ice, and people could go skating without fear of tumbling through. Still, he leaves us a long way from the Missing Link, though he must be at least 150,000 years old, what there is of him, for there is practically no difference between his bony structure and that of Mr. Lloyd George. In a word, he is quite a youngster to the gent. who once owned the bones found by Dubois, the Dutchman, in Java. "I expect he was a Socratic party," writes Huxley, of the Dubois Missing Link, "with his hair rather low down on his forehead and warty cheeks. *Pithecanthropus erectus*, Dubois (fossil), rather Aino-ish about the body, small in the calf, and cheese-cutting in the shins."

Tom Hood on Party.

"Of all the spirits of evil fame,
That hurt the soul or injure the frame,
And poison what's honest and hearty,
There's none more needs a Matthew to preach
A cooling antiphlogistic speech,
To praise and enforce
A temperate course,
Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

Go to the House of Commons, or Lords,
And they seem to be busy with simple words
In their popular sense or pedantic—
But, alas! with their cheers, and sneers, and jeers,
They're really busy, whatever appears,
Putting peas in each other's ears
To drive their enemies frantic!

Thus Tories like to worry the Whigs,
Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs,
Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,
With their writhing and pain delighted—
But after all that's said, and more,
The malice and spite of Party are poor."
("Miss Killmansegg and her Precious Leg.")

TWO BUCOLIC HUMORISTS IN THE FIELD?

The *Roscommon Herald* publishes, under the heading "Popular Entertainment," a report of the appointment of Mr. R. P. Wallace, J.P., Cloonmorris, Dromod, to a seat on the Irish Board of Agriculture, in the room of the late Colonel Nolan, ex-M.P. Our readers have derived much entertainment from the antics of Mr. Runciman, the President of the English Board, and our Irish *confrère* apparently regards Mr. T. W. Russell as emulating him.

GOOD NEWS.

We recently referred to certain Scottish litigation in which we were interested, and reproduced some of the quaint pleadings. We have now received the following glad tidings from our Edinburgh lawyer:—"In the multiple-poinding case raised, the Fiscal lodged a Minute explaining how the money came in his hands and after discussion the Sheriff held the Minute to be merely a condescendence of the fund, and has issued a judgment ordering objections to the fund, if any. The next procedure will be an order for claims, when we propose to lodge a claim, and a riding claim on that claim. The Court intend to ordain us to intimate the case to the King's Remembrancer." Things are undoubtedly looking up with us at last.

OUR UNCEASING OCCUPATION.

A reader tells us that it looks as though we shall shortly feel like a fish out of water, drawing a parallel between ourselves and Miles d'Illiers, Bishop of Chartres, at the end of the fifteenth century. It appears that this prelate was so litigious that when Louis XI. gave him a pension in order to settle old claims, and told him in future to live in peace and goodwill with his neighbours, the Bishop earnestly entreated the King to leave him some three or four old debts to keep his mind in good exercise. He also reminds us that in Rabelais' *Pantagruel* Panurge begged that hero not to pay off all his debts, but to leave some so that he might not feel altogether a "stranger by his own self." We cannot form any opinion as to the appropriateness of the stories till we are tempted in the same way.

RECKLESS COUNSEL—EXCEEDING THE LIMIT.

MR. ROTTOMLEY IS INTRODUCING INTO PARLIAMENT A BILL TO RESTRICT THE PRIVILEGE OF COUNSEL.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

["*Taking the Biscuit*" *has become a classic phrase expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.*]

For stating that: "*Scores of householders in the town* (Nelson) *are* WITHOUT FIRE *and are* BURNING WOOD,"

THE STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Earl Winterton had given notice of the following question to the Attorney-General: "*Whether his attention had been called to a speech by Mr. Grayson inciting soldiers to* REFUSE *to* DISOBEY *orders, and if he proposed to take any action in the matter,*"

THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following testimonial: "*I cannot speak too highly of your Makbar Meal for* CATTLE *and* PIGS. *It has been* MY CHIEF FOOD *for the last five months with very good results,*"

Mr. JOHN FAIRBANK (Clough Farm, Soyland, Ripponden)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising in the "Daily Mail": "LIQUID POWDER *for whitening the hands and neck,*"

MESSRS. SELFRIDGE AND CO., LTD.,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "*Strike pay is being paid in the various Cumnock districts to-day at the rate of* 8*s. per man,* WITH NOTHING FOR DEFENDANTS, *as against* 10*s. per man, and* 1*s.* EACH FOR EACH DEFENDANT *last week,*"

THE GLASGOW NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its report of a recent concert at St. Mary's Hall, Bryanston Square, that: "*Mr. George Montagu displayed very great talent in his* SCOTCH *songs, 'Sydney's Holidays are in September,' and 'Change Here for Llanfairfechan,'*"

THE WEST LONDON GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising, in the "Leominster News," "*For sale, a very smart roan* FILLY COLT,"

"GOUGH (Bedford House, Dilwyn)"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For ending its report of the win by D. Macmillan of the 100 *yards race at the Inter-University Sports, with the words:* "TIME, 1 SEC.,"

THE REFEREE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its account of a recent trial spin, that: "*Cambridge were afloat at* 13-30 PRECISELY,"

THE PEOPLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing the DUKE OF WELLINGTON *as grandson of the great* SAILOR,

THE DERBYSHIRE ADVERTISER (Derby)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "*From King's Cross to St. Pancras the* QUICKEST ROUTE *is by the Piccadilly Tube and District Railway, changing at Earl's Court,*"

THE ATHLETIC NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED.

We give 2*s.* 6*d. to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same "Biscuit" be forwarded by more than one competitor, preference will be given to the reader whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue*

BAD EASTER EGGS.

JOHN BULL TURNS UP HIS NOSE AT LAST.

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

On another page our cartoonist depicts John Bull declining a variety of "Easter eggs," which have been offered him by various "parties," and he is turning up his nose at each of them. And can you blame him? They are all addled. Poor John Bull!

THE "LIBERAL" EGG.

Let us take some of them. We will begin with the "Liberal" egg. We will examine its contents—converting them into political terms. There are three dead Education chicks; one dead Licensing chick; a still-born Veto chick; a sterile "People's Budget" chick; an Insurance-Against-Nothing chick; and a Day-After-To-morrow Home Rule chick. Do you wonder that poor John Bull turns up his nose?

THE "CONSERVATIVE" EGG.

And what does this contain? A Leave-things-as-they-are chick; a Don't-be-in-such-a-damned-hurry chick; a Church-and-State-and-old-port chick; an Opposite-to-*you* chick. And to John Bull's nostrils there is no odoriferous differentiation.

THE "LABOUR" EGG.

And what of this? A Divide-what-*you*-have-with-*us* chick; a Let's-all-be-equal-with-*you* chick; a Praise-God-for-all-His-blessings chick; a Water-and-Ginger-pop chick!

And so John Bull declines them all three.

What, indeed, he wants is a Fresh egg.

PRAYER AND PENITENCE.

We must remember that his taste is undergoing a big change. "Eggs and bacon—eggs and bacon," growled the satiated lodger one morning—"why on earth can't we have *bacon and eggs* for a change?" And so with John Bull—he yearns for a change? It is just dawning on him that he has been fooled, and he is pulling himself together. It is true that "Randall Cantuar" and "Cosmo Ebor" have issued an appeal to him for "prayer and penitence," but somehow or other that doesn't seem exactly what he needs at the moment.

NEW "ROOSTERS" WANTED.

He has been thinking about that Coal Strike, and the Railway and the Dockers' Strikes that came before it—*and the other strike that will soon follow it.* You see, he begins to realise things. He realises that, after all, Might is Right, and that in the end it is Brute Force which rules the world. What a fool he has been! He has really been deluding himself all these years with the notion that if he goes to Church on Sunday, says his prayers regularly, does his neighbour no more than his neighbour does him, votes straight for the Party ticket, pays his rent and rates and taxes as soon as he receives the Final Notice, and honours the King—he has discharged the whole duty of man. It was a comfortable and soothing theory. It was conducive to good appetite and sound sleep. And so he never quarrelled with his Easter egg. He just put it under a glass case, to gaze upon till next Holy Week came round—for he felt that its contents were good. But now, for the first time, he has opened it, and sniffed it, and tasted it, and lo! it is rank and addled. And he has taken his big stick and gone down to the Westminster Poultry Farm determined to knock the old Parliamentary roosters off their perches.

THE DISILLUSIONMENT.

The first thing he realises is that whilst he has been praying and voting, his rivals have been *working*. By abusing the freedom of his ports, they have been stealing away his trade, and by building mighty navies, right under his very eyes, they have been preparing to annex his markets. And nobody has been doing anything to stop them. Then he finds that under a system ironically called Education, the muscle and brawn of the nation is turning up its nose at the native soil and industries, putting on black coats and tall hats and becoming clerks and merchants, instead of farmers and mechanics. He finds that he has no reserve of food in the country, and no reserve of coal (except in the bowels of the earth)—and that at a signal from the Talkers all the Workers may fling down their tools and leave him, hungry and shivering, at their mercy. Then he turns to his "leaders." The parsons—Randall Cantuar and Cosmo Ebor—tell him to pray. And for the first time their names sound strange in his ears. He doesn't seem to remember reading anything about them in the Bible; so he searches in vain for Randall and Cosmo—Cantuar and Ebor. He goes to his Party, for which he has always voted so "straight," and asks: "What is *your* remedy?" And the answer comes—"*The opposite of theirs.*" "And what is theirs?" he pleads—and is told, "*We must wait and see!*"

THE CHURCH EGG.

There is the Church to begin with. After all, he wonders, *is* it the Church of Christ, or the Church of Crœsus? He sees that it preaches the Gospel of Respectability at one end, and of Hysteria at the other—with Emasculation wedged in between, under the titles of Establishment, Nonconformity and Evangelism.

And his mind becomes rivetted, this Easter time, on that old Good Friday story, which, told in a hundred ways in a hundred Eastern legends, and stripped of all dogmatic meaning, is but the story of a great human sacrifice; and he asks—where are the great Teachers now? Why are the Churches out of touch with the people? Why are the pews empty? And he finds the answer in the fact that Religion has ceased to concern itself with Realities. Ritual, dogma, sect and creed have taken the place of the Humanities, and in times of national crises the platitudes of the Episcopal bench are the only contribution to the councils of the State.

THE PARLIAMENTARY EGG.

He turns to the House of Commons and to the Government. And a parlous state of things he finds. What Sect is to Religion, Party is to Politics. There is the same absence of Reality; and the whole machinery breaks down the moment it is called upon to *work*. Barristers quibble over sub-sections and sub-clauses of Acts, usually intended to repeal others which have been found to be unnecessary; "temperance" orators and lay preachers moan and groan about the sinfulness of the world, and all the other hacks of Party vote and talk against each other, be the subject what it may—unless, by chance, it happens to be the Business of the country, in which case they stay away. Not a man Jack of them at the head of any Department who ever had a day's training for its work!

THE SUFFRAGETTE EGG.

And then there are the women—the "new" women; so different from those of his younger days. He doesn't understand them, and, truth to tell, he doesn't like them. In his heart there rests a deep and sacred reverence for wife and sister, but the place which in his view Nature has assigned to them is sacrosant and definite. He is indifferent to the suggestion that they shall not wear hats, but is determined they shall not wear the trousers.

And thus it is that John Bull this year is turning up his nose at the old Easter egg. It may be "good in parts," but he has no inclination to argue the point.

STARVED SIGNALMEN.

WHAT THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC IS RISKING.

The suffering caused by the Coal Strike is, unfortunately, not confined to the miners and those directly dependent upon them. A case has been brought to our notice which illustrates the hardships which have thus been caused to deserving and industrious people.

A poor railwayman, living in a cottage belonging to the company, for which he pays 4s. a week, fortnightly, has a wife and three children to keep, but was put on short time owing to the recent curtailment of the service. When this occurred it was rent week, so 8s. was deducted from his wage, and 10d. for club money—leaving him 1s. 4d. He is compelled to live in the company's cottage, and is quite unable to supplement this starvation "wage," as he is forbidden to let a room or use the place for business purposes. His wife cannot help him now, as, although she goes out charing when she can, fluid has formed under her kneecap. When she applied for a permit to go to London for hospital treatment, she was informed that no passes would be granted till after the Strike—this will probably mean the loss of her leg. And the man, who shares one or two shillings a week with his family, takes a turn in the signal-box, thus having on his shoulders the responsibility of thousands of human lives! Surely the railway company should realise that their employés are flesh and blood.

BONUS TEA.

£1 FOR EVERY POUND.

We have received from a Barry Dock correspondent an account of the methods practised by one of the travellers representing Messrs. Robinson and Co., Tea Merchants, of the Carfax, Oxford, with branches at Southampton, Bristol, Banbury, and Northampton. Our correspondent, who is blind, and keeps a small shop, was called on by Messrs. Robinson's representative, who tried to book an order by declaring that he had only to sell 10 lbs. of tea in each town, and that for every pound of tea the first customers purchased they would receive £1 on March 16th. Our correspondent was consequently persuaded to buy 6 lbs. at 2s. 2d. per pound; but at the time of writing us he had heard nothing of the promised bonus. We shall be glad to hear what has been the fortune of other customers of Messrs. Robinson and Co., who have been similarly induced to buy tea on such attractive terms. Perhaps, too, Messrs. Robinson and Co. will favour us with an explanation. Was their representative authorised to make such a statement?

We are afraid that many persons are unable to appreciate the false economy involved in the "bonus" method of purchasing—even when the bonus is duly paid. The system is practically confined to tea, for the reason that sixpence, or even a shilling, is not so apparent when added to the price of that article as to others.

FOOTBALL AND FARES.

A RAILWAY COMPANY'S IDEA OF "PLAYING THE GAME IN THE WEST."

While the Coal Strike is on the railway companies are doubtless quite justified in economising their fuel by restricting traffic at cheap fares, though, in consequence, various racing, football and other clubs have suffered severely. But another position surely arises when, as was widely stated in the general Press, the Queen's Park Rangers Football Club, in order to facilitate the journey of patrons to their match on March 23rd, supplied the Great Western Railway with a truck of coal at a very cheap rate. A correspondent complains that, notwithstanding this gift, full fares of 8d. return from Paddington and 6d. from Westbourne Park were charged, instead of the customary 5d. and 4d. respectively. The Company thus got a double profit, though—no doubt to some extent owing to this unexpected increase—the number of those who witnessed the match was very small, and the gate-money suffered accordingly. The Company's action seems to us hardly fair—especially as the Club are its tenants, and depend considerably upon its traffic.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

A DESPICABLE ADVERTISING DODGE.

A Colchester reader tells us that his daughter answered an advertisement offering the post of hotel housekeeper in Central London, and enclosed a stamp for the return of copies of her testimonials. What came back, however, were a printed letter and a couple of circulars from the "Ricardo Remedy Co.," Central House, 12 Aldgate, E.C. The first circular, headed "'Secrets of Marriage': by a Medical Man; for Adults and Private Circulation Only" offered, according to the synopsis, some very highly-spiced fare. However, in case the recipient should still be unable to blush, the second advised the purchase of some "rose-tint complexion perles." In order to add the delights of illicitness, "Mary B. Hanson, Manageress," says in her covering letter, "The law does not allow us to sell you this book, but the law cannot stop us giving it away"—and she then offers a copy of "this remarkable work" to anyone who purchases a box of the "perles." Of course, anyone who is so weak and silly as to respond would probably be disappointed with the contents of both box and book. But surely the authorities might stop the trick; shame would deter any victim of it from advertising her folly by taking proceedings. It is really a gross outrage that an innocent girl should have wasted postage on what she took to be an offer of a situation—and then have insult added to injury in this way.

AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.

LONG WELFORD HOUSING SCHEME FARCE.

In January the Welford District Council determined to build some workmen's cottages at Acton, Suffolk, and advertised for plans. These were to be sent in, sealed, to the Clerk of the Council. Ten architects responded from various parts of the country. One of the competitors, Mr. Ainsworth Hunt, architect to the Suffolk County Council, distinguished himself by sending to the private addresses of members of the District Council a circular letter explaining the advantages of his plans. The ten sets of plans submitted were, by order of the Committee, placed before an independent architect with a view to getting his opinion—and for this he was paid a fee of £3 3s. This gentleman placed them in the following order of merit:—(1) Mr. Crowfoot; (2) Mr. Hunt. But when the matter of the final selection came before the Council, Mr. Hunt's plans were accepted in preference to Mr. Crowfoot's. Now this isn't business. The advertisement asking for plans did not contain the usual clause stating that communicating with the Committee would disqualify. Into this loophole Mr. Hunt got his nose, and although the circular he sent to the Committee did not specifically state that he is an official of the County Council—though it does refer to houses planned on the same lines which he has "in hand for the Small Holdings Committee of the County"—such a reminder was quite unnecessary, as he would naturally be thoroughly well-known to the members of it. Mr. Hunt would be well advised to turn out on Good Friday and learn to play cricket.

PRECIOUS LITTLE FOR EIGHTEENPENCE.

A DEAR CURTAIN LECTURE.

A Devonshire reader tells us that, a few months ago, he was induced by an advertisement to send to the Lancashire Warehouse Co., of Bowker Street, Salford, a postal order for 1s. 6d. for a pair of curtains. Receiving no goods, after a week he wrote asking why the order had not been acknowledged. Again hearing nothing, he addressed another communication, which elicited an expression of regret that his previous ones had not been dealt with, and a promise to send the articles. After a further wait, our correspondent lost patience, and wrote them very strongly. This appears to have touched the spot, for they gave him by post a curtain lecture, so to speak, and said that they would instruct their solicitors to take criminal proceedings for libel. Though this was on December 21st, no writ or summons has found its way to our correspondent's Devonshire home—nor, indeed, have the curtains, the Lancashire Warehouse Co. apparently believing more in the verbal allegory than in the concrete article. *Verb. sap.*

A FISHY BUSINESS

THE GRAVE OF THE BLACK "BOYS'" BRASS.

In 1908 was launched a limited company calling itself the Sierra Leone Deep Sea Fishing Industries. Its object was to purchase a trawler and supply fish to the West Coast of Africa. The original prospectus stated that the directors looked forward with confidence to the success of a great enterprise. The preliminary expenses, estimated at £150, were to be borne by Mr. John Eldred Taylor—a native—described as "Managing Director," of Oxford Street, Freetown, Sierra Leone; he has, however, now taken up his residence at Compton Mansions, London, W.C. On August 26th, 1910, the Company altered its name to the West African Fisheries and Industries, Ltd.

A few days ago a native from the West Coast called at our offices, and stated that he had been promised the post of secretary if he introduced capital. He was successful to the extent of about £1,400—the whole of the paid-up capital is but about £1,500. He failed to obtain the appointment, however, and his native friends (many of whom are hawkers and have put the whole of their savings into the Company—although the biggest single amount is but £50—owing to their faith in him) now look upon him as a rogue, for no trawler appears to have been purchased, and consequently no fish has been obtained. In his despair, this "boy" has come over here to try to find out from the officials of the company its financial position. It appears to be the following tale of expenditure:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent, Secretary's fees, travelling, printing, stationery and sundries	495	18	2
(Of this amount £86 9s. 4d. appears as Taylor's expenses of his journey to the coast and back, and personal expenses incurred by him; and £107 2s. for advertising and other expenses incurred by him there.)			
Law costs	51	17	0
Paid to Directors—			
Mr. Turnbull £90 0 0			
Mr. Wachurst 90 0 0	180	0	0
Paid Managing Director (Taylor)—The amount actually paid is £336 9s. 6d., the balance being owing	554	18	0
Auditors	3	3	0
Rent and Secretary to 28th August	40	0	0
Taylor's salary	20	0	0
Do. expenses to Paris	20	0	0
Advance to London Business and Finance, Ltd.	30	0	0
Petty cash	10	0	0
	£1,405	16	2

Besides, there are sundry creditors, while the cash at the bank is but £155.

The Company seems to have made the money spin out very well.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

OUR "BULL'S-EYE" COMPETITION.

Competitions are the order of the day, and as our readers embrace every class of the community, we have decided to afford an unique opportunity of interesting, and remunerative, recreation to such of them as may appreciate it. Our great new Competition will consist of

HITTING THE BULL'S EYE,

with prizes amounting to

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS A WEEK,

which we hope before long to be able to increase to

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Full particulars will be announced NEXT WEEK.

It will be unique in character and of such a nature that everybody, young and old, can join in it. In fact, we anticipate that before the Competition has been running many weeks everybody meeting a friend in the street will be asking

"HAVE YOU HIT THE BULL'S EYE?"

A PAROCHIAL POTENTATE'S PONY.

PECULIAR POSITION AT ST. PANCRAS.

From time to time we have had reason to criticise trenchantly in these columns Poor Law administration, but so soon as we get one abuse rectified, a dozen crop up in its place. Here is a matter which has been brought to our notice, and we wonder what the heavily-rated inhabitants of the Borough of St. Pancras will have to say.

Some years ago it was notified that there was no room to keep ambulances and horses at the workhouse, and accordin ly stables were built at Kentish Town—which is more than a mile away. Thus, if an urgent case requires attention in the night, or early hours in the morning, an inmate is despatched on foot to fetch the conveyance to the workhouse, where it picks up the attendant who is to bring the case in. Now this takes some time—probably over an hour, so in the interest of efficiency common-sense would suggest that at least one horse and ambulance should be lodged on the workhouse premises. The statement that there is no room to keep horses at the workhouse seems to be altogether wrong, and we draw the attention of the Visiting Committee of the Guardians to the facts we are about to relate.

Situated in the grounds of the workhouse there is a stable and coach-house, and in it are housed a stout cob and governess car—the private property of the Master of the workhouse. Some months ago these premises were used to store the furniture and effects of inmates while in the asylum, but these goods and chattels have now been removed to another place. At considerable expense in labour and material the old store has been converted into an up-to-date stable and coach-house, the cost of which comes out of the ratepayers' pockets. We estimate the total at over £100, and we wish to emphasise the fact that this cob and trap are for the private use of the Master and his wife only. Another point: since the Master has acquired this luxury, an inmate has been employed expressly to look after the creature comfort of the beast and garnish the trap. Should the weather be inappropriate for a drive, the pony is exercised within the four walls of the workhouse, and another inmate is employed to roll the gravel on the parade after the pony has been exercised upon it. Such are the facts. Now a word to the Guardians. Rule 15 of the duties to be performed by the Visiting Committee states:—"To visit the workhouse every Tuesday, and at such times as the Committee may see fit, *and to examine the workhouse once every week at least.*"

Probably when the Committee paid their visits they did not notice extensive alterations in progress. They should make inquiries, and see if changes were not carried out between their inspections. We should be the last in the world to grudge the Workhouse Master a pony and trap—or even a motor-car—but when efficiency of administration is sacrificed to private ends, then we draw the line. That he and his wife can afford a private conveyance admits of no doubt, for here are set forth their respective earnings: Mr. Green, the Master, is in receipt of £230 salary, £52 in lieu of rations, £15 in lieu of washing, £15 in lieu of household necessaries; house, coal, and gas free—a total of, say, £350. In addition, he acts as Steward of the Infirmary, for which he receives another £50 per annum—making altogether £400 per annum. His wife is Matron of the workhouse, and receives an annual salary of £100, with £52 in lieu of rations and £10 in lieu of washing—total, £162. So the joint earnings of the Master and Matron amount to close upon six hundred pounds per annum!

MORE RAPID REVIEWS.

By Our Curt and Candid Critic.

Love in Manitoba.—Having read it, all we can say is, "Canadian emigrants, beware!"

The Heart of Delilah.—Hard to beat.

The Court of the Angels.—Should be read by all militant Suffragettes.

The Sad Shepherd.—Bah!

The Labyrinth of Life.—Managed to get through it somehow, although we lost the thread.

The Child of the Dawn.—Thoroughly aroused us.

"CANADIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

HOW AN INNOCENT MAN WAS TORTURED BY THE AUTHORITIES.

A poor man, now residing in Montreal, gives us his experiences of the administration of the law—we will not say justice—in Canada.

He is married, and has two sons. In December, 1910, while lying sick in the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Kenora, Ontario, he was taken away at midnight, without the doctor's leave, by an inspector and sergeant of police, on a charge of forgery at Montreal. After being driven in an open sleigh to the lock-up, he was lodged in the cells, where this treatment rendered him so ill that a doctor had to be sent for. The man's state was so bad that the doctor saw the magistrate, and endeavoured to obtain permission to take the prisoner back to the hospital, but this benevolent intervention was unsuccessful, the answer returned being that if the man went to Montreal and cleared himself, any out-of-pocket expenses would be refunded, and he would be returned to Kenora. Even this ungracious promise, as will be seen, was not fulfilled. On December 8th, in company with an Ottawa inspector, the man went on board the train for Montreal. On the terribly long journey he was again taken so ill that a telegram was dispatched to a doctor, requesting him to be on the platform at Fort William. However, the man rallied—the inspector being as kind to him as circumstances permitted—and at last arrived at Montreal on December 11th, being lodged in the police office. Next day he appeared in court, pleaded not guilty, and instructed an advocate to defend him. Remanded once or twice while the witnesses were being fetched, he was in his journeys from and to jail handcuffed to other men and put into the prisoners' van. Every day he asked to see a doctor, and was told that he would "be up directly," but he never came, and one afternoon the sufferer fell off his form on to the floor, and had to be carried to his cell, where next day the turnkey, who had come to summon him to the court, found him unable to rise. A medical man then paid him a visit, found him to be suffering from typhoid fever, and ordered him to hospital. He came so near death that his lawyer was able to get him transferred to the General Hospital on December 22nd, the authorities being afraid to allow an unconvicted prisoner to die in jail.

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BILLS THAT WOULD NOT SURPRISE US.

By Our Lobby Correspondent.

SALE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

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BILL
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Presented by Mr. Ferens,
supported by
Sir Thomas Whittaker.
Ordered, by the House of Commons, *to be printed.*

Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1.—(1) After the *fifth day of April nineteen hundred and thirteen* all premises in which intoxicating liquors are sold or exposed for sale by retail shall be, notwithstanding anything contained in any Act of Parliament, closed for the whole of Sunday.

(2) For the purpose of the provisions of section ten of the Licensing Act, 1874, which relate to *bona fide* travellers, twelve miles shall be substituted for three miles as the minimum distance between the place where a person has lodged during the preceding night and the place where he demands to be supplied with liquor.

(3) Nothing in this section or in the Licensing Acts, 1828 to 1906, with respect to closing hours shall prevent the supply in any licensed premises on Sunday during any hours which those premises *might have been* open on Sunday for the sale of intoxicating liquors before the passing of this Act to any person *bona fide* taking a square meal on the premises, *in a room set apart for the purpose*, of intoxicating liquor to be consumed at the meal.

Provided that no part of the premises exclusively, mainly, or partially used for the sale of intoxicating liquor on week-days shall be deemed to be a room so set apart; and

Provided the person *bona fide* taking such square meal and intoxicating liquor to be consumed at it permits himself first of all to be photographed in three positions, submits to having his finger-prints taken, and allows his birthmarks to be carefully examined and registered in a book kept for that purpose, afterwards writing his name and address, and particulars of his occupation and religion, whether married or single, and the political party to which he is attached, in the aforesaid book in the spaces set apart for that purpose.

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"EXPLOITING JACK TAR."

A WORD FROM THE RAMSGATE "HOME."

Apropos of our recent article under this heading, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society writes vigorously in reply to our strictures. He says:—"I beg to state that neither the Society nor myself were responsible for the letter you refer to in the *Christian*. It was written by a Ramsgate gentleman."

But we never alleged that the letter emanated from either the Society or himself. In pursuing the matter further, he actually corroborates our allegation that the Ramsgate Home is a charity-aided business concern. This is what he says:—

> In order to secure an excellent site, three things were determined upon: (1) that the building erected should contain a portion for the seafaring class, to which the public should be invited to subscribe; (2) that a portion should be available for agents of the Society; and (3) *that a portion of the building should be used for public purposes.*

Our original article stated that the Home had been built by public subscription, obtained without disclosing the fact that it was to be used as a restaurant—not only for sailors, but for the general public. We are much obliged to the Secretary for his corroboration.

A FISHY BUSINESS.

THE GRAVE OF THE BLACK "BOYS'" BRASS.

In 1908 was launched a limited company calling itself the Sierra Leone Deep Sea Fishing Industries. Its object was to purchase a trawler and supply fish to the West Coast of Africa. The original prospectus stated that the directors looked forward with confidence to the success of a great enterprise. The preliminary expenses, estimated at £150, were to be borne by Mr. John Eldred Taylor—a native—described as "Managing Director," of Oxford Street, Freetown, Sierra Leone; he has, however, now taken up his residence at Compton Mansions, London, W.C. On August 26th, 1910, the Company altered its name to the West African Fisheries and Industries, Ltd.

A few days ago a native from the West Coast called at our offices, and stated that he had been promised the post of secretary if he introduced capital. He was successful to the extent of about £1,400—the whole of the paid-up capital is but about £1,500. He failed to obtain the appointment, however, and his native friends (many of whom are hawkers and have put the whole of their savings into the Company—although the biggest single amount is but £50—owing to their faith in him) now look upon him as a rogue, for no trawler appears to have been purchased, and consequently no fish has been obtained. In his despair, this "boy" has come over here to try to find out from the officials of the company its financial position. It appears to be the following tale of expenditure:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent, Secretary's fees, travelling, printing, stationery and sundries	495	18	2
(Of this amount £86 9s. 4d. appears as Taylor's expenses of his journey to the coast and back, and personal expenses incurred by him; and £107 2s. for advertising and other expenses incurred by him there.)			
Law costs	51	17	0
Paid to Directors—			
Mr. Turnbull £90 0 0			
Mr. Wachurst 90 0 0	180	0	0
Paid Managing Director (Taylor)—The amount actually paid is £336 9s. 6d., the balance being owing	554	18	0
Auditors	3	3	0
Rent and Secretary to 28th August	40	0	0
Taylor's salary	20	0	0
Do. expenses to Paris	20	0	0
Advance to London Business and Finance, Ltd.	30	0	0
Petty cash	10	0	0
	£1,405	16	2

Besides, there are sundry creditors, while the cash at the bank is but £155.

The Company seems to have made the money spin out very well.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

OUR "BULL'S-EYE" COMPETITION.

Competitions are the order of the day, and as our readers embrace every class of the community, we have decided to afford an unique opportunity of interesting, and remunerative, recreation to such of them as may appreciate it. Our great new Competition will consist of

HITTING THE BULL'S EYE,

with prizes amounting to

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS A WEEK,

which we hope before long to be able to increase to

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Full particulars will be announced NEXT WEEK.

It will be unique in character and of such a nature that everybody, young and old, can join in it. In fact, we anticipate that before the Competition has been running many weeks everybody meeting a friend in the street will be asking

"HAVE YOU HIT THE BULL'S EYE?"

A PAROCHIAL POTENTATE'S PONY.

PECULIAR POSITION AT ST. PANCRAS.

From time to time we have had reason to criticise trenchantly in these columns Poor Law administration, but so soon as we get one abuse rectified, a dozen crop up in its place. Here is a matter which has been brought to our notice, and we wonder what the heavily-rated inhabitants of the Borough of St. Pancras will have to say.

Some years ago it was notified that there was no room to keep ambulances and horses at the workhouse, and accordin ly stables were built at Kentish Town—which is more than a mile away. Thus, if an urgent case requires attention in the night, or early hours in the morning, an inmate is despatched on foot to fetch the conveyance to the workhouse, where it picks up the attendant who is to bring the case in. Now this takes some time—probably over an hour, so in the interest of efficiency common-sense would suggest that at least one horse and ambulance should be lodged on the workhouse premises. The statement that there is no room to keep horses at the workhouse seems to be altogether wrong, and we draw the attention of the Visiting Committee of the Guardians to the facts we are about to relate.

Situated in the grounds of the workhouse there is a stable and coach-house, and in it are housed a stout cob and governess car—the private property of the Master of the workhouse. Some months ago these premises were used to store the furniture and effects of inmates while in the asylum, but these goods and chattels have now been removed to another place. At considerable expense in labour and material the old store has been converted into an up-to-date stable and coach-house, the cost of which comes out of the ratepayers' pockets. We estimate the total at over £100, and we wish to emphasise the fact that this cob and trap are for the private use of the Master and his wife only. Another point: since the Master has acquired this luxury, an inmate has been employed expressly to look after the creature comfort of the beast and garnish the trap. Should the weather be inappropriate for a drive, the pony is exercised within the four walls of the workhouse, and another inmate is employed to roll the gravel on the parade after the pony has been exercised upon it. Such are the facts. Now a word to the Guardians. Rule 15 of the duties to be performed by the Visiting Committee states:—"To visit the workhouse every Tuesday, and at such times as the Committee may see fit, *and to examine the workhouse once every week at least.*"

Probably when the Committee paid their visits they did not notice extensive alterations in progress. They should make inquiries, and see if changes were not carried out between their inspections. We should be the last in the world to grudge the Workhouse Master a pony and trap—or even a motor-car—but when efficiency of administration is sacrificed to private ends, then we draw the line. That he and his wife can afford a private conveyance admits of no doubt, for here are set forth their respective earnings: Mr. Green, the Master, is in receipt of £230 salary, £52 in lieu of rations, £15 in lieu of washing, £15 in lieu of household necessaries; house, coal, and gas free—a total of, say, £350. In addition, he acts as Steward of the Infirmary, for which he receives another £50 per annum—making altogether £400 per annum. His wife is Matron of the workhouse, and receives an annual salary of £100, with £52 in lieu of rations and £10 in lieu of washing—total, £162. So the joint earnings of the Master and Matron amount to close upon six hundred pounds per annum!

MORE RAPID REVIEWS.

By Our Curt and Candid Critic.

Love in Manitoba.—Having read it, all we can say is, "Canadian emigrants, beware!"

The Heart of Delilah.—Hard to beat.

The Court of the Angels.—Should be read by all militant Suffragettes.

The Sad Shepherd.—Bah!

The Labyrinth of Life.—Managed to get through it somehow, although we lost the thread.

The Child of the Dawn.—Thoroughly aroused us.

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GLASGOW PARISH HOSPITAL.

SABBATARIANISM RUN MAD.

By an Inmate.

A few weeks ago, the Glasgow Parish Council appointed as one of their poor-law chaplains, with a salary of £240 a year, a rev. gentleman with an annual income of £700 derived from another source. But their latest "reform" will take some beating for unadulterated tyranny. They are proprietors of the largest hospital in the United Kingdom—Stobhill—with accommodation for two thousand patients. Hitherto the friends of the poor patients were allowed to visit their sick relatives every other week on any day except Sunday, and remain by the bedside, if they wished, for three hours. Now all this is to be changed. New rules have been issued, which, strange to say, have received the approval of the Scottish Local Government Board. These new regulations, which are operative from April 1st, are of a very drastic character. Only one friend will be permitted to visit any patient at a time, and the duration of the visit must not exceed half an hour. The patient is compelled to notify the Council of the names of two friends, and none others will be admitted to the hospital wards. The injustice of this rule is apparent. The sick husband may see only his wife and one child. His other children are debarred from paying their respects to their parent *en route* for a pauper's grave. Stobhill Hospital is recruited from the wide district within the Glasgow Municipal Boundary. Its situation is altogether out of the way, and already visitors who live at a distance are complaining that it is not fair for the parish authorities to expect them to undertake a journey of an hour and a half or two hours for the sake of only half an hour at a patient's bedside. In almost every hospital in the Kingdom Sunday is the great visiting day. But the Glasgow Guardians of the Poor are zealous for the observance of the Sabbath, and quite forget the fact that visiting the sick is one of the works of mercy. No visits, except in favoured cases, are permitted on the Lord's Day. This rule is cruel in its working, and many patients because of it find it impossible to see their friends. In a great industrial city like Glasgow there are many of the poor who eke out an existence by working hard from Monday morning till Saturday night. Sunday is the only day they are at liberty, and it is very hard when parish officials deny them the privilege of a few hours by the bedsides of their sick kith and kin.

Notwithstanding the chaplain with the £900 a year, the Council permit bands of nondescript preachers, for which Glasgow is famous, to come into the wards on Sunday afternoons and to harass the sick patients with their vulgar religious twaddle and out-of-tune singing. These people harangue the bedridden poor, not remembering the fact that in almost every ward there are men and women lying on their deathbeds, within a few hours of their death agony.

One is inclined to wonder which is the more Christian—the uncultured preaching of the street-corner orators, or a few hours' domestic talk between the sick and dying and their friends. The Glasgow Parish Council should consider that the pauper has his feelings like other human beings, and that even the Bumbles of Glasgow must not do as they like.

[Assuming the above to be a correct statement of the case, we certainly think the inmates of the hospital have good ground of complaint, and we shall be curious to see what the hospital authorities have to say.—Editor.]

OUR AGONY COLUMN.

Will the three Members of Parliament who became somewhat hilarious at ——'s Supper Rooms on the night the Conciliation Bill was rejected, kindly return the tablecloth and bottle of Worcester sauce they took away with them?

Conscience Money.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges receipt of the first half of a broken sixpence from Anon.

Jim.—Meet me by the boat-swings on 'Ampstead 'Eath Easter Monday. Got the sack to-day as usual, so shall be free.—Jane Ann.

THE BEER STRIKE.

By Greatrex Newman.

"Strikes!" said the old man in the corner, in a tone of supreme disgust, "why folks wot live nowadays don't know wot a *real* strike 'ud be like."

"What about the Coal Strike?" I ventured, "and the Railway Strike, and the——"

The Patriarch interrupted me.

"Young man," he said, patronisingly, "them might seem big events ter you, as as only bin on the earth a few minutes, so ter speak; but if your memory went back as far as mine goes, an' if you'd seen some o' the strikes wot I've seen, you wouldn't think much o' little affairs like them."

"Well," I retorted (I was slightly annoyed at being addressed as "young man," for I'm twenty-six in July, and boast quite a paternal-looking moustache), "well, and what strike has taken place in your time that was worse than the Coal Strike?"

We were sitting in the bar-parlour of the "Dew Drop" Inn, which is the one and only hostelry which the sleepy little village of Plowden boasts. I had been at Plowden all day—road surveying—and as I had half-an-hour to spare before catching my train back to town, I had dropped in for a drink.

The old man emptied his mug, and then replied to my question by asking me one:—

"'Ave you ever 'eard of the Brewery Strike? I thought not"—I had nodded my head negatively—"'cause that took place 'fore your time—I think it was in '61. There was a sight more shindy over that than there would be over two dozen coal strikes."

I asked him to tell me more. He gazed reflectively at the bottom of his empty mug.

"My mem'ry ain't wot it used ter be," he said, "an' talkin' makes me throat that there dry as——"

In response to my commands, the landlord did the necessary, which seemed to restore the old chap's memory in a wonderful manner; for after taking a deep pull, and smacking his lips in evident relish, he proceeded:

"It was the Carters wot fust started it. They wanted 'igher pay, an' said as 'ow they'd strike if they didn't get it. Then the Bottle-washers thought as 'ow they ought ter be gettin' a bit more, an' they said as they'd strike too. Then the Bottlers puts their spoke in. An' so it went on, everybody sayin' as 'ow they'd strike if they didn't get a rise. Course, the folks wot owned the Breweries said as they weren't agoin' ter give no rises, an' so all the men went on strike.

"It was all right for the fust few days, 'cause most o' the pubs 'ad got extra supplies in, but arter a couple o' weeks everybody began ter feel the pinch. The price o' beer kep' on goin' up, an' goin' up, till at last there was none ter be 'ad at all, no matter 'owever much you was prepared ter pay for it. The country was in a n'orrible state. Just think of it—every drop o' beer in the land 'ad bin drunk, and folks was goin' nearly mad through not knowin' wot ter do ter quench their thirsts. Then somebody suggested tryin' *water!*"

My aged friend shuddered at the thought, and raised his empty mug to his lips in an endeavour to drown unpleasant memories.

I took the hint, and bade the landlord again attend to the Patriarch's requirements.

"Yes," he went on, moodily, "an' you'll see wot a terrible state the land was in, when I tell you as lots of folks *did* try it. What was the result? Why thousands died every day, an'——"

"*Died?*" I echoed, "what of?"

"Why *rust*," he explained, "through drinkin' water, an'——"

I looked at my watch. I had just two minutes in which to get to the station—so tossing the old chap a few coppers, and murmuring an inarticulate apology, I fled.

"MRS. BULL"

Every Tuesday. One Penny.

COLERIDGE AND "CHRISTABEL."

THE POET AS PROPHET.

By Richard Morton.

Shakespeare staggers us with his aptness for quotation, but he must not blind us to the claims of lesser men. Take Coleridge, for instance. We remember him, most of us, because he wrote "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." But he also wrote "Christabel."

The title is in itself a thing of promise, nor will the poem disappoint us as a running, discursive commentary upon the position of affairs in connection with the adventures of a certain Suffragette. Coleridge, writing 112 years ago, seems to have possessed the gift of second sight; it is even possible to read in his lines matter that may prove prophetic.

The first line is dramatic in its direct connection with facts as they exist to-day:—

"'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock."

This is, of course, a reference to Holloway Gaol, by its popular name of "The Castle." Except officially, the gaol is never spoken of as the gaol; it is always "The Castle." Confirmation comes in the next line, which speaks of the "crowing cock." This is the "Cock" at Highbury.

Next we come to the season, which is the present; and the time, which is now:—

"'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way."

Nothing could be clearer: as the poet says, it is April; nobody will deny it; and Spring is never in a hurry when she comes up the hill of Holloway.

The next line introduces the lady—

"The lovely lady, Christabel."

Everybody will allow Miss Pankhurst her good looks.

Two lines later we are given a broad hint as to where the lady is to be found "in the month before the month of May." The hint is put in the shape of a question:—

"What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?"

Now, perhaps the Highgate woods are rather more than a furlong from the gate of Holloway Castle, but we must allow our poet a little licence. He did not desire to speak too plainly, to give the game away too precisely, but the tip should be good enough for Scotland Yard. Coleridge tells them where to look.

Miss Pankhurst is evidently suffering from remorse, for we read, very soon after—

"She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low."

This certainly suggests she is doubting the wisdom of her slimness in running away from danger and leaving her friends to face it.

"The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel."

She is fearful of some antagonistic presence in the wood—perhaps a detective. It is not the wind—

"There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek."

I do not know whether Miss Pankhurst wears ringlets—I believe not; but the reference to her cheek is all right.

"Hush, beating heart of Christabel!"

This line seem to suppose a cause for fear, but the lady is not really afraid.

"Thus spake on sweet Christabel."

It is a habit of sweet Christabel's to speak on, and to keep on speaking on.

Next is a direct reference to the prison:—

"The hall is as silent as the cell."

Sometimes, as Miss Pankhurst knows, the cell is not silent; sometimes there is a hunger strike or a very noisy protest.

However, to cut it short, the poet Coleridge evidently means us to understand that Christabel is tired of being out in the wood, and meditates surrendering herself:—

"Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight
All in the middle of the gate."

Nothing can be plainer than this. It is a prophecy that Miss Pankhurst will give herself up; further, that she will do so in most dramatic fashion, for she is to let herself into Holloway!

"Quoth Christabel, so let it be!"

And I daresay it will be so. Coleridge may be proved correct.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CLXXXVIII.

[In this column, every week, we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

APPEAL FOR A DESERTED YOUNG WIFE.

We appeal to our readers on behalf of a poor young woman of 26 years, deserted by her husband, and left with a baby but 6 months old. The husband has always been a ne'er-do-well, and for many weeks before the baby was born the wife went out daily to work to bring in a little money to keep a roof over their heads, and to prepare for her illness, the man earning nothing at all. After the baby came, he callously deserted her, and she was left with the child, to struggle on as best she could. She got a little work, but this meant leaving the baby to strangers, and at last it fell ill and she was obliged to give up her work to attend to it. All the poor furniture she can possibly spare has gone and her little room is almost bare. She owes about £2 for back rent and 14s. for milk supplied for her baby, and now she cannot get any more till this bill, or some of it, is paid. Soon she will have to leave her room, as she cannot pay, and then there will be nothing but the workhouse before her. If only she could get a little money in hand to clear off these debts, buy the baby a few clothes, and get her pieces of furniture out of pawn, she could hold out, as she is strong and willing to work, and has the promise of a daily place, but she has no clothes fit to wear, all having been sold or pawned. Can any of our readers help to make this Easter a more happy one for this poor creature?

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CLXXVII.—"Anonymous," 10s.

CLXXXV.—E. B., 5s.; "Noswad," 2s.

CLXXXVI.—J. E. M., 2s. 6d.; G. P., 10s.; "Sympathiser," 1s.; J. T., 2s.; "Nellie and Arthur, In Ever Loving Memory of their Darling Daughter Beatrice," 3s.; "Noswad," 2s.; K. and G., 1s.; "Kirkee," 7s. 6d.; "Rahdol," 6d.

CLXXXVII.—H. W., 2s.; "Nugget," 2s. 6d.; E. B., 5s.; "Elstow," 1s.; L. A. H. (Transvaal), 10s.; W. D., 1s. "Noswad," 2s; W. S. 3s.; W. C. B., 10s.; K. and G., 1s.; "Sympathy" (Brighouse), 2s.; P. O. F., 1s. 6d.; "Working Man's Wife," 2s. 6d.; H. T. Hurst, 2s. 6d.; "Washer," 2s.; A. N. B., 2s. 6d.; A. B. B., 2s. 6d.; F. C., 1s.; C. G. N., 2s.; M. and H., 2s. 6d.; "Wicked Polly," 2s. 6d.; "Falkirk," 1s.

THE INDUSTRIAL DISTRESS.

ARE MEN PLACED ON SHORT TIME ENTITLED TO NOTICE?

Owing to the Coal Strike many works have either had to close entirely or to place the men on short time. We have been inundated with inquiries asking whether in the circumstances it is legal for the masters to pay only for the time the men actually work, or whether they can demand a full week's wages. This, of course, depends upon the terms of the engagement, and the custom of the particular trade. If a man is engaged at a weekly wage, he will—subject to any custom of the trade to the contrary—be entitled to a week's notice, or a week's wages in lieu of notice. The terms of a contract cannot be varied except by mutual consent, but agreements often provide for such contingencies as strikes. In any event, in such a crisis it is advisable for both masters and men to exercise a little "give and take," instead of standing on the strict letter of the law. And it is as well for employés to remember that, although they may exact from their masters the utmost farthing of the money they are legally entitled to, it is within the power of these masters to refuse to take them back.

THINGS THAT MATTER.

THE GREAT COAL SWINDLE.

By Norman Tiptaft.

[*Our contributor replies to his critic and reiterates his arguments for the nationalisation of the coal mines.*]

I have written two articles on the Coal Strike for John Bull, and candidly I meant to let it go at that.

Alas! I reckoned without Mr. H. W. Puttick.

He tells the readers of John Bull that no colliery in the country has paid a dividend of anything like 33 per cent. "The only one paying a dividend even approaching this is a South Wales pit which pays 22½ per cent. Besides," says Mr. Puttick, "think of the dozens of pits which pay no dividend at all. If an average is taken of all the pits of Great Britain the dividend paid amounts to about 3 per cent."

The Wealthy Workers.

There you are, my dear man in the street. It's all a mistake. It's not the mine-owners who are getting the money at all; they, noble, unselfish patriots, are getting a mere beggarly 3 per cent., while the collier—but who shall say what fabulous wealth the collier gets? No one knows. He pays no income tax, and yet—scoundrel that he is!—his wages must be——. Anyhow, one of the papers said the other day he was regaling himself on *champagne* while the rest of the country starved.

* * * * * *

And now will Mr. H. W. Puttick kindly make a note of the following *average dividends which have been paid in the undermentioned collieries for a period of seven years or over?*

Bwllfa and Merthyr Dare Collieries ..	68%
North Brancepeth Coal Co...	34%
Fife Coal Co. (this company paid 40% in 1907 and 50% in 1909)	26%
Consett Iron Co.	31%
Shotts Iron Co.	27½%
Wilsons and Clyde Coal Co...	27%
J. Watson, Ltd.	25%
Bell Brothers	28%

* * * * * *

I was wrong in saying "even 33 per cent." I should have said "*even* 68 *per cent.*," *and these are not figures for odd years*—they are *average profits* taken over a period of *seven years or more.*

But, says Mr. Puttick, I never mentioned those pits that paid no dividend at all. True, I did not. Neither did I mention the number of men killed, the amount of watered capital in the successful pits, and quite a lot of other information. You see, I was writing a two-column article, *not* a book. However, let us take the *average dividend* of all pits—paying and non-paying.

Mr. Puttick says it is 3 per cent. I suggest that he took as much trouble to find out that as he did his other figures. *There are no figures available of the average dividend paid in the whole of the collieries in the kingdom*, and it is therefore absurd for Mr. Puttick to make such a statement.

The Average Percentage.

What figures are available, however, tell a very different tale. Of 92 companies investigated—all that it has been possible to obtain particulars of and *including pits that have paid no dividend at all*—the average percentage paid to shareholders over a period of thirteen years is 9.6 per cent., or *three times as much* as Mr. Puttick states.

Apparently there are other writers not of the Socialist persuasion "who allow their pens to run amok and give facts (*sic*) which they cannot possibly verify."

* * * * * *

Mr. Puttick says I "ridicule the idea of the mine-owners acting in the public interest"; that I "must not forget that foreign competition is even now looming up like a nightmare in the coal trade; and once the foreign coal displaces English coal in the markets of the world the industrial supremacy of the British Empire is seriously threatened." Further, "if the minimum wage is conceded vast numbers of miners will be thrown out of work due to the lessened export of English coal."

There is no necessity to ridicule the idea of the mine-owners acting in the public interest. Unfortunately, it is too tragically apparent. What have they cared about the public interest during these negotiations? As I write, the people of the Potteries are starving, while in Birmingham coal is being sold at 3s. 6d. a hundredweight. Do you think they would care one iota if it were fetching 10s. a hundredweight? Not likely. They are out to get as big dividends as they can *for themselves, that is all they are out for*; and provided they get them the public—and especially that public which buys its coal in half-hundredweights because it can afford no more—can go to the devil. Don't think I blame the coalowners and the coal dealers for robbing us of every halfpenny they can. I don't. If we are *fools enough to allow them to rob us we deserve it.* I blame the nation as a whole for not having sense enough to protect itself by *nationalising the coal supply.*

The Big Thief and the Small.

If a man steals a loaf of bread we send him to gaol. If a man or a company of men steal millions of pounds by supplying coal at a price more than double its actual value, we send them to Parliament to make our laws, or give them titles, or in one way or another do them reverence. What do you expect? "A minimum wage would throw thousands out of work and lessen our coal export." Would it? Speaking at Merthyr to his constituents in 1898, Mr. D. A. Thomas said he would like to see a *minimum* wage of 10s. *or higher.* If the South Wales coal trade could stand it then, it can stand it *now*, and yet it is largely owing to Mr. Thomas "*acting in the public interest*" that we have the present stoppage and the refusal of the South Wales masters to agree to any minimum wage at all.

The minimum asked by the various districts varies from 4s. 11d. to 7s. 6d. The average number of shifts worked is 11 per fortnight, which gives a wage of 27s. 0½d. to 41s. 3d.—that is, supposing the work to be regular, and not reckoning any loss of time through unemployment or ill-health or other circumstances beyond the miner's control, and which reduce the total wages paid to something much less. Taking it, then, on its *most favourable* basis, and averaging the 27s. 0½d. rate, and the 41s. 3d. rate, it means that the men whose *lives are in danger the whole time* they are working, whose work is done under the most arduous and disagreeable conditions imaginable, and on whose shoulders, as events have proved, *rest all the other industries of the country*, are asking for a wage of 34s. a week.

Our Industrial Supremacy.

"And if they get it," says Mr. Puttick, "the industrial supremacy of the Empire will be threatened." If we pay huge sums to idlers and are too mean to give a beggarly pittance like that *to the men who do the work*, the supremacy of the Empire is threatened already. *No empire can long remain supreme which gives luxury to its idlers* and denies its workers a living wage.

Few of the general public seem to know that the "*public-spirited mine-owners*" *murdered* during 1910, 1,769 miners—32 *every week*—yet so it was. Since 1899 the death-rate in mines has *nearly doubled*, despite the fact that, writing in a Liberal paper a few months ago, a mines inspector said: "*Every life lost in mines could be saved if cost were no object.*"

"Repeal the Eight Hours Act," says Mr. Puttick, "and all will be well." It is the old, old cry—crush the workers down to the earth again, and over their bodies the select few shall walk in comfort.

If eight hours below ground in a temperature like a furnace, standing in water, or crouching in a horribly cramped position all the time, plus the possibility of being killed at any minute, is not enough to entitle a man to his daily bread, in heaven's name what is?

There is something more to be thought of in dealing with the miners than the dividends of the shareholders or the plunder of the royalty owners. Those things *are not* of the first importance; the health, the education, the general uplifting, the fitting of the miner for other things beside getting coal, *are*. We can do without royalty owners or shareholders, and if *they* all went on strike to-morrow no one else would be the worse, but the *workers* of the nation are the force that has made the Empire what it is to-day. It is on *their welfare* that the Empire of the future depends.

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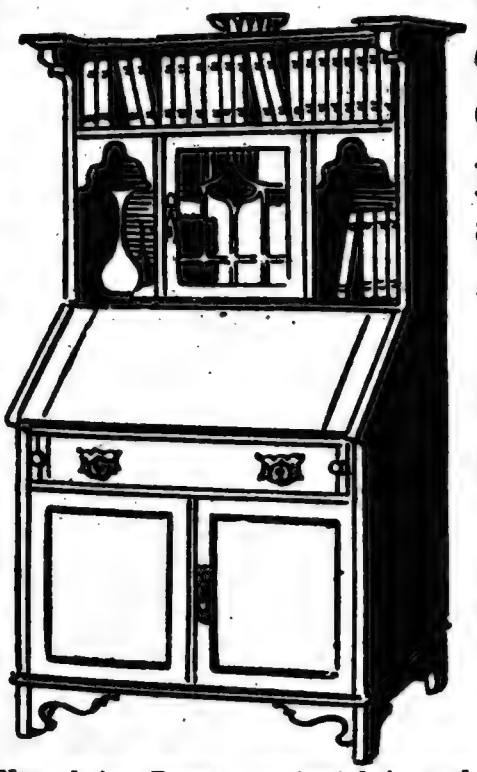

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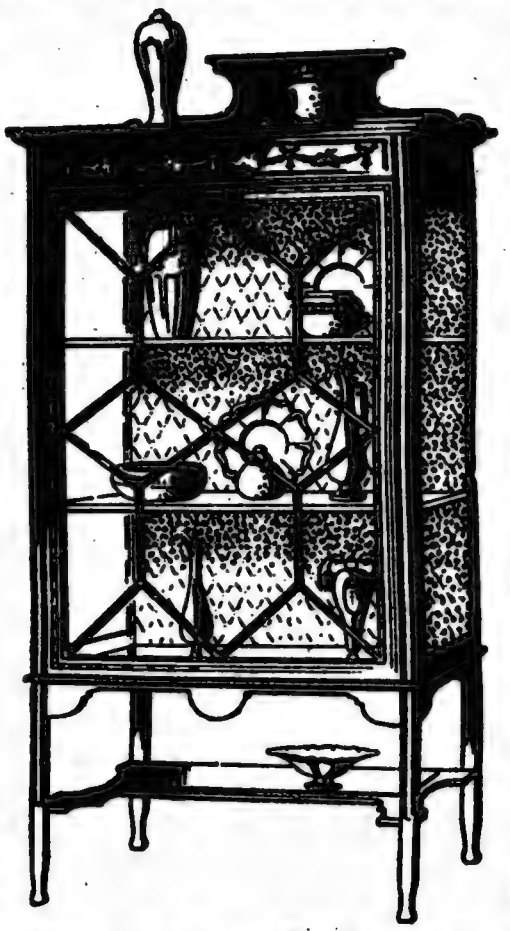

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To Alexander Ure, Esq., K.C., P.C., M.P., Lord Advocate for Scotland.

Dear Lord Advocate,—Your remarkable eccentricity in appearing at the recent Chelsea Arts Ball in the uniform of a Privy Councillor has evidently inspired the circular addressed from the Privy Council Office notifying his Majesty's direction that members of the Council should wear their uniforms only upon occasions of official duty or state ceremonial. This rebuke is well deserved, though it is regrettable that it should have to be conveyed in such a form. Imagine the Lord Chancellor tripping on his light fantastic toes at Covent Garden in the robes of his office, or the Archbishop of Canterbury pirouetting in his cope and mitre at a garden party! I hope you do not put on your wig when you accept an invitation to afternoon tea?

John Bull.

To the Divisional Officer Commanding Coastguards, Sheringham.

Sir,—On the occasion of your invitation to the Urban District Council to attend a distribution of long-service medals and see a real live signal-rocket fired, you will remember the Clerk's suggestion to the Council that, as rockets were very trying to nervous people, the Crier should give notice throughout the town, and that I then made certain suggestions of my own to the people of Sheringham. Now information to hand leads to the conclusion that there is no foundation whatever for the belief that Sheringham is afflicted with nerves. Even 200 years ago, when the town was threatened with attack by Dutch privateers, the people called upon the Lord Lieutenant of the county to furnish them with "foure or five musquettes"—they already had one gun with a broken carriage and four "musquettes" which they had bought at their own "coste" and charges—"and half a hundred pound of pouder and half a hundred pound of bullets" wherewith to repel the invader. Since then history has repeated itself. Two or three weeks ago it was announced that an office-boy would be appointed to the new Council Chambers, the object being to utilise his services for the defence of the magnificent edifice in the absence of the august Clerk. I admit that in consequence of recent pressure of business I am somewhat behind in the news, but at the time of writing, at any rate, the appointment had not been definitely made in consequence of a difference of opinion amongst the city fathers as to the size of the buttons for the office-boy's coat.

Nor is this all, sir, if I am correctly informed. A few days ago several of the militant misses and missuses of the Suffragist brigade visited the town. They stayed only half a day, did not show fight, and eventually turned tail without smashing a single window. As for the Clerk himself, he is the bravest of the brave; he is not afraid of singing comic songs before an audience of the most intellectual classes the town can boast. Realising all this, I am very anxious it shall not go forth to the Kaiser and rest of the universe that Sheringham lacks the courage of its convictions, or that its nerves will go all awry at the crash of rockets or the boom of cannon. Whatever happens, I am convinced it will be ever ready to rise in its might, stand to its guns, and die in the last ditch.

John Bull.

To the Chief Constable, Wolverhampton.

Sir,—This is to assure you that the arbitrary action of the police in ordering a blind man, known as "Pipe-lights," to desist from selling his wares in the streets or to leave the town is very far from being in accord with public sentiment. For a long time this old man, led by his dog, has been a familiar institution in Wolverhampton, and he was quite inoffensive. It is true that his pipe-lights went a long way, as he received many a copper without depletion of his stock, and I suppose you have convinced yourself that on this account he is a beggar in disguise.

It is strange that the law should always be so hard upon Lazarus, and so merciful to Dives. The blind old man and his dog interfered with nobody, and you had no just reason to interfere with him. Duty, you know, is a name often given by people to actions in themselves unnecessary, petty, spiteful, fussy, and mean.

John Bull.

To Councillors Moses Jones and Arthur Seaton, Pontypridd, Wales.

My Dear Sirs,—When again you attend a meeting of the Electricity and Tramways Committee I respectfully request you not to constitute yourselves such a pernicious nuisance. If neither of you can hold his peace and the Chairman is unable to put a bridle on your tongues and a limit on your wind, as evidently he is not, will you, as public men dealing with public affairs, please conduct your dialogues with some sense of decency and responsibility? One wishes the other "would speak the truth for a change," which elicits the retort that the utterer of the wish is himself a "deliberate liar." Why dispute each other's veracity? Let it remain an open question.

I note, Mr. Jones, your suggestion to Councillor David Williams that the next time he takes the chair he "should bring with him a chain to fasten up Mr. Seaton, for he is like a barking dog all the time." On the other hand, you remark, Mr. Seaton, that he should also "put a ring through the nose of Mr. Jones and fasten him to the floor." In case the chain and the ringing do not keep you from snarling and barking, I shall have to write to the ratepayers of Pontypridd requesting them to get rid of you both.

John Bull.

To His Honour Judge Cluer, County Court, Bloomsbury.

Dear Your Honour,—I see that when a woman applied on behalf of her son for an allowance of £5 for clothes out of compensation recently awarded to him, you made some remarks which were certainly not brilliant and undoubtedly were superfluous. "What on earth does a boy need £5 worth of clothes for? I haven't spent fivepence on clothes this year," you said. That fact, however, had no bearing on the point, and the mother grasped this at once, suggesting that you probably had a stock. "Wear old clothes," you are reported as having said; "they are best." At what age are they the best, sir? Suppose they consist of a lot of holes sewn together? "But you must have underclothes," pursued the mother. "Why?" you queried; "Summer is coming in." Is that a reason for your going without a shirt, or a vest, or—but really, a County Court judge ought to be above the utterance of such piffle.

John Bull.

To Messrs. John Evans and Son, General Drapers, 32, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside, London.

Messrs. Evans,—If in his comments upon the claim of a man named Ellworth against you, Judge Mulligan, of the March County Court, correctly stated the facts, your purpose on earth appears to have much in common with that of other firms whose methods of trading have met with the disapproval of customers. In reply to your advertisement: "One Shilling Weekly. General drapery, costumes, skirts, suits. . . . cash or easy payments. Goods sent carriage paid to any address," Ellworth sent you money. He did not, however, receive the goods, but was told they would be sent on the completion of the instalments. He then applied to have the money refunded, but he received neither money nor goods. He sued you in the March County Court, recovered judgment, issued execution without effect, obtained an order on judgment summons, was granted a committal against you, which, however, could not be executed by the warrant officer for the reason, "Office always locked up."

As I daresay you are well aware, I have frequently warned the public against sending their money to such people as you, and my regret is that the only legal process against you is a civil action, which does not touch you at all.

My advice to you is to shut up shop—if, indeed, you ever had one—before the Business Government comes into power.

John Bull.

Stephen Walsh, M.P., House of Commons.

Congratulations on patriotic and plucky speech as miners' representative. I long ago picked you out as one of the "heads" of the Labour Party.

Bull.

Directors, North Eastern Railway, York.

Notice your generous offer distribute £70,000 as bonus among your lower-grade workmen, and inviting suggestions from men's society. Hope they will remember some day that one good turn deserves another.

Bull.

A GOOD CHOICE.

"No thank you, gentlemen—this is the Easter egg I'm going to hatch."

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Coal Developments Lift a Weight off Home Rails—Underground Railway Boom.

The latest coal developments have lifted a weight off the Home Railway market, but it must be a long time before the companies fully recover from the effects of the strike. During the past week the revenue lost amounted to about £850,000, as compared with the actual income of the corresponding week of 1911, while it is also evident now that almost the whole of the Easter traffic will be lost. Under ordinary circumstances the latter contributes something like £500,000 to £600,000 to the companies' revenues Thus, even if the miners go back to work directly after Easter, the companies have probably lost something over 4½ millions of traffic, and the aftermath of the strike is likely to be felt for several weeks to come. Under these circumstances the market has held up remarkably well, and *North-Western* at 134¾ are but 7 points below the highest of this year; *Great Western* being at 119¾, against 122¾; *Midland Deferred* at 71½, against 75¼; *North-Eastern* at 123½, against 127¾, etc. Moreover, present quotations are ex dividend, so that the net declines are really quite insignificant. Similar conditions prevail in the rest of the market, and, for instance, *Brighton "A"* at 105 ex 5½ dividend, compare with the highest this year of 111¼. As regards the cheaper stocks, *Great Northern Deferred* are quoted at 52 ex 2¾ dividend, thus being only 2 points below the highest quotation this year. The Underground stocks, however, are carrying off the honours from the speculative point of view, and it is evident that the Tube-Omnibus Combine is fulfilling expectations. The coal strike has certainly played into the hands of these companies in a remarkable fashion, and it is asserted, for instance, that *Underground Electric Income Bonds* are now earning their full 6 per cent. dividend, in which case they should be worth par, as compared with their present quotation of under 90. It is even asserted that the £10 shares, still obtainable at under 4, will eventually reach par, but this seems to be a tall order. *Central London* are firm at 88, and look well on their way to par, while *Metropolitans* show continued strength at 65¾. *Districts* at 47½. *East London* issues have enjoyed a boom of their own, the ordinary rising to 9½, while the various debenture issues have appreciated to 6 points. I have been more particularly favourable to the *Fourth Charge Debentures* at from 12 upwards, and consider that there is still plenty of margin for an improvement upon the present quotation of 20, if only one or other of the various rumours in circulation proves to be justified by events.

"Bears" take Advantage of Rubber Auction Results—Dividends, however, should Satisfy Reasonable Investors.

Hopes had evidently been pitched too high in regard to last week's rubber auctions, while also another sale has had to be held this week in view of the Easter Holidays. A sign of the times is the increasing number of forward contracts which are being fixed up down to the end of next year at prices ranging up to 4s. 9d. per lb., which assures substantial profits for a long time to come. In any case, the results so far announced for the past year are such as to satisfy every reasonable investor, and the reductions shown in the dividends are only what was to be expected after the decline in prices of rubber which occurred during 1911. Thus, *Anglo-Malay* 2s. shares, paying 70 per cent., stand at 16s., yielding nearly 9 per cent.; *Selangor* 2s. shares got 250 per cent. for 1911, and are quoted at 45s., yielding over 12 per cent.; *Golden Hope* £1 shares stand at 4, and on the basis of the 30 per cent. dividend, offer 7½ per cent. per annum. In comparison with the latter, *Shelford* £1 shares, also getting 30 per cent., look distinctly cheaper at 2⅜, and yield 12 per cent. There are numerous other examples of high returns which offer a good margin for all known risks. Those speculative investors who look still further ahead will have sufficient scope in the group of younger rubber companies. Most of the latter possess very large areas of comparatively newly-planted trees, so that the production for the current year must not be taken so much into account as that for future years. Thus 1913 is likely to yield as much as 1912; 1914 three times as much, and so on. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the price of rubber will fall below 3s. per lb. for the next five years, while it is reasonable to suppose that increased production will be accompanied by a corresponding reduction in the ratio of expenditure.

The Tirucalli Rubber Concessions—No Change to be Made in the Capitalisation.

It has been decided not to make the new issue of shares, but to leave the capital of the Syndicate as it has hitherto been, there being sufficient resources available to carry the business on. The Company has secured additional options over large areas of forests of Tirucalli trees on the east coast of Africa, which are the only ones of any magnitude over and above those in Natal already owned or controlled by them, which they have been able to discover in the whole of Africa, with areas whose distance from the sea, or proximity to railways, enables them to be exploited at a profit. The actual business of extracting the latex from the Natal forests is proving most successful, owing to the remarkable demand for the product, which, as I have already explained, can be used at once in the state in which it arrives from South Africa with its admixture of resin. The product is selling now here at from £80 to £90 per ton, and the profit on the same is about £60 per ton. Additional natives are being employed, and it is hoped that there will be over 1,000 in the space of three months. It is estimated that 100 natives will be able to produce 20 tons a month, so that 1,000 would produce 200 tons a month, which would, therefore, leave a profit of £12,000 a month or £144,000 a year, on a capitalisation of only £35,000. It will easily be seen that this business is capable of enormous expansion, the demand being altogether unlimited, while the natives like the work better than that in mines. The price of the £1 share is now £1, and I have no doubt that they will soon rise to a higher level.

Nigerian Tin Mines on a More Sober Basis—Great Chances and Dangerous Counters to Touch.

The last settlement, which had been looked forward to with considerable trepidation as far as the Nigerian market is concerned, has, after all, passed off satisfactorily, and the market is slowly rallying. At the same time, the foolhardy gambling has for the time been put a stop to. Tin evidently is being well maintained, and after touching £197, now stands at £195. Once the tin plate works in this country get to work again there should be a fresh upward movement. *Anglo-Continental* are now steady at 5. It is much to be desired that reliable expert information should be awaited with regard to this company's properties. The other day a rumour had gained ground that the company was going to acquire the *Keffi Mines* property, but this evidently is moonshine. This mine, however, is standing on its own bottom, and the price is distinctly firmer at 15s. 3d. Another company from the same stable, the *Toro Tin* Company, has been introduced on the market, the 5s. shares being quoted 8s. 3d. Messrs. Zorn and Leigh Hunt are the brokers, which gives it the stamp of respectability. The authorised capital is £50,000 in 5s. shares. The Company has acquired four different properties in Northern Nigeria, of together 267 acres, also exclusive prospecting licences of one square mile over the following four properties:—*Rafin Gojarandi, Western Ninghi, Salerma,* and *Masaba*. Reports on the properties are favourable; tin can be recovered during four or five months of the year by calabashing, there being several streams; a number of pits have been sunk, and the wash is running from £2 to £5 per cubic yard, and on the *Western Ninghi* area the quality of the ore is exceptionally good, some samples assaying 72 per cent. The *Salerma* and *Masaba* areas also are described as rich, and, according to the statements made, a great deal more development has been done on these properties than on most of the others. It is satisfactory to find that we shall soon hear more news from Nigeria through experts; Mr. R. C. Nicolas, M.I.M.M., who has been representing the Exploring, Land and Minerals in Nigeria, left Naraguta on the 26th inst. for London. On his arrival the company will issue full details of its Nigerian interests. In the meantime the shares are quoted 10s. The Champion Reefs Tin Fields are sending Mr. J. J. Hunter, who has had a large experience of alluvial tin mining in Australia, and who has been appointed their general manager. He has just sailed, and it is stated will devote special attention to the Berrida property. The *Berrida Company,* which has been floated by the *Champion Tin* and *Lucky Chance,* is believed to have a good property, and the shares are quoted 1 to 1⅛. These should also improve. *Naraguta* shares are now quoted ex dividend, and the price is 1¾. *Naraguta Extended,* also a producing mine, stand at 1 to 1⅛, and have recently been up to 1⅜. I again warn my readers to be most careful concerning new companies. The following example should emphasise my warning. One of my readers has sent me the following particulars about some Nigerian tin fields, the name of which I suppress for the present:—It is a company formed without a property,

and the particulars are merely hinted at. It is formed upon an agreement with someone, who will introduce someone, who will introduce someone else in Nigeria. The capital is £20,000, half of which, £10,000, is paid to the modest vendor, whose name I also suppress, but he is to go out as expert to Nigeria, although he apparently knows nothing about tin mining or any other mining. I wonder whether such a concern can be floated in these times. It seems to be one of the worst wild-cat schemes which can be imagined and I hope that my readers will leave it severely alone It is such rotten schemes which sometimes bring a good mineral field into disrepute.

OIL BEATS COAL—NO MORE STEAM ENGINES FOR SHIPS—SHELL TRANSPORTS STRONG—MAIKOP AND GROZNY OIL SHARES FIRM—KUBAN BLACK SEA.

Indications are multiplying that the reign of oil has come, and that the coal strike, now fortunately on the wane, has given it a tremendous lift. Sir Marcus Samuel, at the Institution of Naval Architects, gave an interesting pronouncement with regard to oil. He went so far as to state that in view of the success of the oil-engined vessels, anyone who went on building steam engines with the knowledge now afforded would be only courting disaster. As far as his company (the *Shell Transport*) was concerned, they possessed seventy ships, but they would never build another steamer—the engines of the Diesel type were going to take the place of steam, and by their own vessel, the "Vulcanus," they had shown that the cost of oil was as one to five what it would be for coal. In the meantime, the Oil share market has been steady at the enhanced quotations. *Shell Transports* are quoted 6⅝., *Black Sea Prefs.* 1 5-32, *Maikop Victory* ¼ prem., *Maikop Spies* 11s. 6d. The output of the *Black Sea Oilfields* and *Maikop Victory* keeps very steady, and on the news that another well has proved successful or that the output has further increased, we shall see these shares, and the *Maikop* group generally, score another advance. The shares of the *Grozny Oil Company*, which I mentioned last week, have advanced to 1½, on advices that active development work is proceeding. The company's consulting engineer reports that they had undoubtedly secured a very valuable tract of land situated in one of the most prominent oilfields in the world. All the indications are pointing to the *Royal Dutch Shell* combine working at present in harmony with the *Standard Oil Trust*, the latter having abandoned the attack upon the European companies, which has entirely failed. *Kuban Black Sea* £1 shares, 10s. paid, have now come into active demand at ⅛ prem. I mentioned them the other day as most promising, and I shall expect to see a further rise. The *Egyptian* group is very firm, *Eastern Petroleum* being the feature at a rise of ⅛ to 1⅜, on the understanding that the company was securing further prospecting licences adjacent to the Gemsah property. *Egyptian Trust* have improved to 4¼-⅜, while *Red Sea Oilfields* are quoted 1¼. A feature was a rise in *Standard Oil of Mexico*, the "*A*" shares to 5s. 6d., the "*B*" shares to ¾, on the latest advices, which seem to encourage the hope that the company will one of these days make similar returns to the *Mexican Eagle*, the property being situated in the midst of a rich proved oil country.

CHANNEL COAST AND MEDITERRANEAN FREEHOLD RESORTS, LIMITED—A GOOD START.

I am glad to see that this company is fulfilling its promise, and that it is developing a most attractive seaside resort. The company has, moreover, distributed in the first year of its existence a 7½ per cent. dividend on about 40,000 participating preference shares. The land is rising in value, and as the company still owns 244,000 square metres, already worth double their cost, one is justified in anticipating great prosperity for the venture, and for the lovely seaside resort, Sainte Cécile. It is now proposed to increase the hotel from 100 visitors' rooms to 300.

"NORTHERN TERRORS."

Under the heading of "Northern Territories Development," the *Times* correspondent a few days ago stated:

> Mr. Gilruth assumes the Administratorship of the Northern Territory this week. He recognises that he is entering upon an enormous pioneering task, but is profoundly confident of success of development by white settlers. "With men and machinery," he says, "we shall be able to do anything in those vast spaces." The South Australian Chief Inspector of Mines has been commissioned to report on the mining resources of the Territory.

We have no hesitation in predicting the nature of the report—which will be agreeable reading to shareholders in the Northern Territory Syndicate.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Inquiry.

ARIZONA MORENCI COMPANY.—G. C. (Edinburgh).—You are quite correct. Owing to a printer's error the annual profit of the Arizona Copper Company was stated at £25,000, instead of £250,000, which is actually the profit now. Arizona-Morenci is, of course, a valuable property, being contiguous to the Arizona Company's mines. WATERLOO.—I answered your question briefly, but I now return to the matter. You will have seen in the issue of March 23rd further particulars which should have answered your question, but I am now able to tell you that the President of the Company, who has arrived here, has made a most favourable report on the Arizona-Morenci, and this will be published in a few days. What further information you require I will let you have at once if you put the questions accordingly.

PREMIUM BONDS.—D. L. (Glasgow).—It is quite correct that the International Securities Syndicate of London, of whom you bought these Bonds, has been wound up. What you require has been forwarded to you. SQUARE.—Same reply.

PROVIDENT CONCERN.—W. R. L.—It is very unfortunate that you are not able to continue your payments. That naturally creates a difficult position, although I have always considered the Bond certificates as of very little utility, and you can do quite as well through an ordinary building society. You must ask them for a surrender value.

INDUSTRIALS.—MARTIN HARVEY.—Boots' issues are a fair Industrial holding, but I need hardly advise you not to put all your eggs into one basket, especially in the case of Industrial concerns.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON RY.—J. P.—The only Ordinary issue of this Company now quoted is the Ordinary stock of the face value of £100, and quoted at 43½. You seem to hold the shares of the old Company. You must, of course, please yourself as to whether to sell or not, but it is possible that one of these days the line will be taken over by one of the big companies, on tempting terms to the stockholders. In the meantime, write to the Secretary of the Company, and ask him how you stand with your present shares.

EDINBURGH.—W. J. M.—I do not think much of this concern, but it would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire to join the movement in question and make yourself liable for an unknown amount of law costs. It would be more prudent to cut your loss than to throw good money after bad.

INVESTIGATOR.—JICARO.—I do not advise your parting with any money. Moreover, the matter is already before the Courts.

LOTTERY TICKETS.—TYNE.—The Royal Hungarian Lottery is quite respectable, under the auspices of the Government, but I cannot vouch for any of the agents, who very often call themselves banks or bankers, while they are merely touts. You will have to take that risk.

TWO INVESTMENTS.—F. E.—(1) Lamport and Holt Debentures are a good holding of the kind. The Company is now under the control of the Royal Mail group. (2) Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary is a promising holding amongst Argentine Railways, but you are under some misapprehension as regards the dividends. The two last half-yearly distributions were at the rates of 4 and 3 per cent. per annum, making a total distribution for the twelve months of 3½ per cent. It is hoped, however, that dividends for the current year will be on an increased scale.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

TRANSFER OF INSURANCE.—R. F. W. (Gateshead).—I am afraid that the inspector is right; it was always a weak office, and you had better transfer to the Hearts of Oak.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA FRIENDLY.—W. J. (Bristol).—Your policy and that on your wife's life are apparently all right, especially as they are endorsed. As regards the others, you evidently had insurable interest, and I don't think that you can get the premiums paid back, but you might consult a local solicitor. The alternative is to get the policies endorsed with an undertaking to pay at death.

ASSIGNMENT OF POLICY.—COX.—No doubt this assignment by your father to you could be easily arranged with the insuring Company.

REFUGE.—E. A. (Carmarthenshire).—Your friend has been very foolish, and having done a wrong thing cannot, of course, blame the Company. But he should put it right, and get the policy endorsed. The policy is returned.

FOUR POLICIES.—LIGHT POCKET.—The fact that you have paid a good many premiums does not alter the matter, and unless you can prove that the agent is responsible for the whole matter, you would hardly succeed with a claim. I should think, however, that they would give you a surrender value. The policies are returned.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. E. (Eskdale).—If the agent forged your parent's signature to the proposal form you could recover. W. E. S. (Coventry).—If you signed the proposal form you have no remedy. ANXIOUS (Hornsea).—We think the Receiver had a right to sign. BULLITE (Blackburn).—You can recover premiums. Consult a good local solicitor. HOT STUFF (Penarth).—You can recover the premiums by suing. E. C. (St. Laurence).—You can insist on redemption. Consult a local solicitor. T. L. (Merthyr Tydfil).—If the agent forged the signature of the assured, you can recover.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of enquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite matters

BEWARE OF THE "PRUDENTIAL"!

MEMS. ABOUT THE METHODS OF THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

[*In a series of articles extending over the past twelve months we have exposed the methods—including fraud and forgery—by means of which much of the business of the Industrial branch of the Prudential Assurance Company has been obtained; and we have alleged, and proved, that the Company has connived at such methods. Up to the present no proceedings, civil or criminal, have been instituted against us.*]

Here is what an ex-provincial agent tells us, as one of many similar incidents in his experience :—

> The mother wished to continue an assurance on her daughter's life, but it was necessary for the daughter to sign the proposal form, which the mother was sure she would not do; so the form was sent to the chief office for a superintendent to get filled up, and in due course it came along and a policy was issued. The daughter, however, declares to this day that she never signed any proposal, and is prepared to make an affidavit, if necessary, to this effect.

And this from a Manchester reader :—

> About six weeks ago one of the inspectors called to look at five policies held by my parents, and as I happened to produce same, naturally the conversation drifted towards further business this inspector was seeking.
>
> 1st. He wanted me to insure my mother and father.
>
> 2nd. He mentioned the matter to my mother. She absolutely declined to have anything to do with the insuring of her life and mentioned that my father would object to any policy being taken out on his life.
>
> 3rd. In spite of these facts, the inspector pressed me to insure them, saying "he would accept them without their signatures or troubling them any further if I would fill up the form" he handed me. I declined to do anything without their consent, and on leaving my home the inspector remarked, "Well, think it over, and anything you do with Mr. ——, the agent, will be all right and *I will pass it.*"

No wonder the Prudential are very squeamish on the subject of forgery!

Little Fish.

We have no sympathy with the young Birmingham man who has just been sentenced to penal servitude for attempting to extort £20 from the Prudential Company under the pretext that he had been commissioned to write a series of articles for this journal. We notice, however, that when in the witness box, Mr. A. C. Thompson, the Joint Manager of the Prudential, admitted in answer to the prisoner's counsel that the Company had taken no proceedings of any kind against us in regard to the grave charges we have levelled at the Prudential for the past 12 months. Surely a remarkable state of things, having regard to the statement of the Company's solicitor during the recent Contempt of Court proceedings to the effect that we, too, had endeavoured to blackmail the Company. The Prudential directors evidently think that little fish are sweet.

Hanging Together.

Apparently some of the other assurance societies are anxious to back up the Prudential in its present plight. For instance, we have had placed before us a very interesting correspondence between the Royal Liver Friendly Society and one of its agents. It appears that this gentleman held a policy in the Prudential, and, doubtless enlightened by our revelations, claimed his money on the ground that it was illegal and had been improperly obtained. This fact came to the knowledge of the Royal Liver, who wrote him the following remarkable letter, signed by the Secretary, Mr. Frank H. Taunton :—

> The Committee of Management regret to learn that you should have thought fit to apply to the Prudential Assurance Company for the return of premiums stated to have been paid by you on a policy of assurance issued on the life of your mother, —— ——, by the said company on August 6th, 1894, the allegation being that policy was worthless to you as your mother had not signed the proposal, you were not next-of-kin, and that you were under twenty-one years of age at the time of the entry, etc.
>
> As a servant of the Royal Liver, and one who presumably is anxious for the success of the Institution, and for the retention, as far as possible, of all business it has acquired, the Committee would have thought your sympathy for a kindred institution would have weighed with you in a matter of this kind, and prevented you taking the step here referred to.
>
> Without in any way desiring to interfere with any *legal* rights you may have in the matter, the Committee will be pleased to hear that you have withdrawn your request. They feel sure you will, on reflection, see the wisdom of such a step. Requests such as these are surely harassing enough when brought by those whose living does not depend upon industrial assurance business, but, when the reverse is the case, they cannot help but be still more prejudicial to the interests of industrial assurance societies generally.

Further correspondence ensued, in which the Royal Liver repudiated the agent's suggestion that his dispute with the Prudential was a purely personal matter, adding, "*if you persist in prosecuting your claim the Committee will have to take your position into consideration.*" After this it is not surprising that they began to find fault with the agent's work, with the result that his book was soon in other hands. The correspondence does not, in our opinion, redound to the credit of the Royal Liver, and is but one more evidence of the far-reaching effects which our articles have produced throughout the industrial assurance world.

More Thanks.

A Chester reader writes thanking us for the advice and information we were enabled to give him, and tells us he has been successful in getting his premiums returned. At first the Company threatened to sue him for slander; then they offered him £3; then £4; then £6. The latter sum he decided to accept. Other policy-holders will doubtless take the hint.

A Pathetic Appeal.

Here is a type of inquiry which reaches us by every post. It is from a poor woman living at Wood Green :—

> I joined the Prudential Assurance Company about four years ago at 6d. per week, and paid it up to quite recently. But as I am going to Canada shortly, I wrote and asked them if they would let me surrender my policy, and asked what they would allow, but am told there is no surrender and they cannot allow me anything.
>
> I should be glad if you could advise me on the matter. I enclose a stamped envelope for a reply.

We are afraid the whole of the money which has been paid is lost. These lapses must amount to a staggering sum.

Points for Policy Holders.

If you have a policy on the life of anyone other than yourself, and upon which you have been paying premiums, have it carefully examined; it is probably illegal.

If the proposal for the policy you hold was not really signed by the person in whose name it is made out, you can probably get back all you have paid.

If an Agent or Special Canvasser calls to "examine your policy," or to tell you about a "Bonus," and endeavours to induce you to change into some other form of insurance, don't listen to him. He is most likely trying to get the better of you. It is an old dodge of the Prudential.

In taking out any new insurances—AVOID THE PRUDENTIAL.

THE CULT OF THE GENTEEL.

TO BE "SOMETHING IN THE CITY."

By W. C. Hughes, B.A.

Dean Hole once told an anecdote of a rich man to whom someone said, "Sir, your son has a marvellous talent for engineering. Place him in the workshop of some great firm and I warrant you that in time the world will hear of him."

"I wish my son to be a gentleman, not a stoker," replied the father.

This ridiculous notion that manual labour is something degrading is by no means confined to the richer classes; it is a canker that has been slowly eating its way into the very life and sap of the nation, ever since the gentlemanly curriculum of our compulsory education came into being.

The working man's son, if left alone by education mad theorists and faddists, would naturally take to some trade or other and gain a livelihood by the sweat of his brow, and take some pride in his calling.

As it is, children of the poorer classes are forced to attend the elementary schools for a period extending over nine years, and the fare supplied to them is more suited for "gentlemen's sons," with the result that the modern school child looks askance at any form of manual labour. He has been trained for a gentleman's life, and naturally looks forward to donning a black coat and wearing a collar and cuffs.

To be "something in the City" is the highest aspiration of the majority of London children; and slaves of the pen a vast number do become, over-crowding the office and starving the factory and the workshop, which after all are the mainspring of the nation's supremacy and prosperity.

The atmosphere of the modern school, with its genteel curriculum and "bookish" instruction is largely responsible for this. The subjects chosen are those which will enable the child to enter a secondary school, while here again all the available time is taken up in preparing the pupils for some examination or other, which entails a vast amount of cramming and the swallowing of indigestible facts.

And the evening schools in the majority of cases only aggravate this growing evil. The classes in shorthand and bookkeeping are overcrowded in practically every centre, because so many silly youths wish to take up some kind of clerical work; while, on the other hand, classes in reading, writing and arithmetic, the essentials of every-day life, in which the modern child is so sadly ill-equipped, have to be suspended for want of members. The giddy youth is of opinion that to attend these classes would entail a loss of dignity!

And the parents, who ought to know better, encourage their children in these wild fancies.

A Director of Education stated a few weeks back that out of 400 youths who attended pretty regularly the evening classes in woodwork and repoussé in his district during the last winter, only four took up this kind of work for a trade—the rest preferred driving the pen.

Two out of the four obtained situations in a large engineering establishment, but in less than a fortnight they gave it up *because their parents thought the work* was too dirty. To-day they are earning 12s. a week in the City and gallivant the streets in shoes and coloured socks, and are considered quite genteel, while the other two, in spite of their soiled appearance now and again, are making good headway in their trade and their prospects are very bright indeed.

Is it to be wondered at that the professions are so overcrowded when such foolish ideas are so prevalent?

We hear of over 1,000 London teachers who are unable to find employment, and most of these are the children of poor parents, who have been beguiled by scholarships and false ideas and insidiously led to believe that to work with the hand is something degrading.

Is not it time that the curriculum of elementary schools was remodelled on a more practical basis and the whole system of education revolutionised, so that the farm and the workshop may once more secure their proper place in the estimation of our young men? For, after all, the prosperity of a nation depends on the industrial classes.

"The Strangest story I have ever written."
—The Author.

HER DISGUISE

The fascinating story of a Mysterious Housekeeper

A NEW SHORT SERIAL

By Gertie de S. Wentworth James

Begins in THIS WEEK'S

MRS. BULL

The story centres round Natalie Norford—a girl gifted with good looks and of singular charm—who by the vicissitudes of fortune is compelled to seek a position as housekeeper. The situations in which she and her master, Rovere Lynette, find themselves are strange and extraordinary, full of surprises and often humorous, whilst a strong love interest gives the element needful to make the perfect story.

Buy a Copy TO-DAY

MRS. BULL IS NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND THE BOOKSTALLS

One Penny.

UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.]

This is the Last Will and Testament
—of me—

WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD, of Wimbledon Park, in the County of Surrey, gentleman.

I HEREBY REVOKE all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

FIRST, I desire to warn my executors not to vary in the slightest degree the instructions as to the disposal of my property laid down in this my will, on pain of being haunted by my uneasy spirit; for, being an acknowledged expert in matters spiritualistic, they may depend upon it that I know all the tricks of the spooks, and could give them (my executors) a very uncanny time if I felt disposed.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto that sceptical association known as the Society for Psychical Research, the original Letters received by me from Hell; and if the Council of the said Society continue to disbelieve the authenticity of these communications, I hope they will make a point of testing their genuineness when in due course they (the said Council) reach those infernal regions.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt (one of my most active supporters in the cause of universal peace) the manuscript of my famous book, "If Christ Came to Chicago."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Mrs. Annie Besant my planchette, which served me faithfully and well through a period of many years.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Royal Society all my accumulation of papers relating to the various quacks, charlatans, and frauds by whom I have been spoofed during the past twenty-five years, including documents concerning De Rougemont and Dr. Cook.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, of Eccleston Square, London, Gent., the sum of £500, in recognition of his noble determination and successful efforts to maintain the fighting strength and spirit of the British Navy during his term of office as First Lord of the Admiralty.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE unto Andrew Carnegie of Skibo, gent., a complete set of bound volumes of the *Review of Reviews* as a token of my appreciation of his earnest, though useless, efforts to bring about universal disarmament—which, by the way, would not have increased the value of his Steel shares.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto J. L. Garvin, Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a scrap-book containing clippings of all my work published in the *Pall Mall* during the time I acted as Assistant Editor and Chief Editor of that journal, hoping that a careful reading of the same will assist him to improve his style and enlarge his vocabulary.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Mr. Pethick Lawrence, of Holmwood, in the county of Surrey, gent., the suit of prison clothes worn by me when undergoing a sentence of three months in 1885 for publishing my notorious pamphlet, "The Maiden Tribute."

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Sir Almroth Wright, of Portland Place, London, Knight, a copy of my celebrated pamphlet, "The Despised Sex," trusting that he will read the same with attention, and at once withdraw and recant the views he recently published on the question of Women's Suffrage.

(Here follow private bequests.)

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S NEW SERIAL.

In the opinion of competent judges, if the creator of Sherlock Holmes had never written anything except his latest serial, "The Lost World," it would have made his reputation secure for all t me. And, indeed, it marks a distinct departure in the art of novel-writing, as it combines many remarkable things. The very idea of it is enough to take one's breath away. Even to an author who has been hailed as a genius, it presented extraordinary difficulties in the way of making it convincing and authoritative. But Sir Conan handles the story with consummate skill, and, furthermore, has brought to bear his highest literary art. Doubtless the great interest in the tale, whose appearance is a literary sensation, will create a strong demand for it. Readers should, therefore, make sure of getting the first instalment by purchasing at once the April issue of the *Strand Magazine*.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

[In this column our contributor has an imaginary interview with some celebrity of the day.]

MR. CATHCART WASON, M.P.

Hurrying through the lobby of the House of Commons the other day, I ran into the portly form of Mr. Cathcart Wason, Member for Orkney, and rebounded.

"I trust I did not hurt you," I gasped breathlessly.

"I didna feel it," said Orkney's pride genially. "Whaur did ye strike?"

I indicated the region of his anatomy upon which I had impinged.

"Hoot, man; dinna fash yersel'; I didna notice onything. I was thinkin'"

"Thinking about Home Rule for Scotland?" I suggested.

"How did ye ken?" demanded Mr. Wason, looking at me wonderingly.

"I see you have backed a Bill 'to make better provision for the Government of Scotland,'" I explained.

"Dinna mak' fun o' my consteetuency."

"Eh, man; it's a graund Bill, yon"; and satisfaction irradiated the speaker's face.

"It strikes me as being manifestly absurd," I retorted.

"Na," expostulated Mr. Wason; "that's whaur ye're wrang. It maks provcesion for the rulin' of Scotland by Scotsmen. If Ireland is ta hae that precvilege, why for no' Scotland?"

"Pish!" I exclaimed, "there is no parallel between the two countries. Ireland's claim, looked at with a logical eye, may be justified. She is at present being ruled by Englishmen, Welshmen, and Scotsmen. That is enough to make any country discontented. Now she wants to look after her own affairs. Scotland, on the other hand, has no such grievance."

Mr. Wason stared at me in amazement.

"Man, ye're daft!" he cried. "Scotland's got as much right tae rule hersel' as Ireland."

"But she does," I said testily. "She does—already; and England too, worse luck. Look at the Cabinet How many Scotsmen are there in it? At least half-a-dozen; and a large proportion of the Under-Secretaries and other Government small fry suffer from the same complaint."

"Man," cried Mr. Wason, "the preenciple of devolution has been approved by all parties. It's a groond ane, too."

"But where is it going to stop?" I asked. "If Scotland, which, you must admit, is simply a sort of petty extension of the English mainland northward, is to have Home Rule, Wales will want it next—with equal reason, or unreason—and the Isle of Wight will follow. What once were the ancient kingdoms of Northumbria, Wessex, Mercia, East Anglia, and the rest, will awake once more from their sleep of centuries and come clamouring to the House of Commons for Home Rule. Why, in the end, if this passion for local parliaments is given way to, there will be nothing left for the House of Commons to rule over at all. It's a wonder your own comical little constituency, Orkney, doesn't want Home Rule, with you for Prime Minister."

"Whist, now," said Mr. Wason, sternly. "I dinna care o'er muckle what ye crack aboot Scotland as a 'hale, but dinna mak' fun o' my consteetuency, else I'll fetch ye sic a chaup——"

At this instant, to my immense relief, the division bell rang, and Mr. Wason plodded ponderously away.

Channel Coast and Mediterranean Resorts.

An Excellent Start.

Mr. John Martin presided, on Wednesday last week, in the Great Hall of Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., at the meeting of the Channel Coast and Mediterranean Freehold Resorts, Ltd., and submitted a report which stated that the directors were able to congratulate them upon the result of the first year's working of the company. Many shareholders, too, had already visited Sainte Cécile and had testified to the undoubted charm possessed by that attractive seaside resort. Of the balance of £3,211 available for distribution, £2,979 had been distributed in paying a 7½ per cent. dividend on the 39,732 Participating Preference shares, of which only 268 remained unallotted. They had sold during the year 5,713 square metres of land, which had produced £3,291, but the land had only cost about half that sum, and as the remainder of the area, some 244,287 square metres, had accordingly a potential value of more than double its cost, which compensated many times over for the fractional amount of land sold, they had not thought it necessary to set aside any part of the £3,291 for capital depreciation. The trading account at the hotel had showed satisfactory gross receipts, and whilst they hoped in future to reduce their percentage of expenditure somewhat, they did not anticipate any very considerable decrease, as their policy of putting more money into the kitchen last summer had been found to be an immediate success. They had achieved a reputation for cuisine which had attracted a large number of the motoring and well-to-do classes, and had brought them much chance restaurant business. With regard to land sales, they had in hand at the moment firm business aggregating over £3,000 and many inquiries which they believed would result in definite sales. Three of their shareholders had already purchased plots, and those wishing to acquire land at Sainte Cécile should make an early application.

It was afterwards decided that a vote of the shareholders should be taken by card to ascertain whether they were in favour of raising an additional £25,000 of 7½ per cent. Participating Preference shares with a view to increasing the accommodation of the Company's hotel by 200 bedrooms, making the total number of rooms 300. The Chairman pointed out that they had enough business in hand to pay the 7½ per cent. dividend on February 28th next out of land sales alone, and he thought that it would be to the present and future interests of the shareholders that the hotel should be enlarged.

THE I.C.S. man got the job

"There were fifty applicants—and I got the job."

That's the I.C.S. man's reward for a few months' spare-time study. Here is another example:—

"My new employer informs me that I was chosen out of 50 candidates for the post, which is in itself proof enough of the value of the training given by the International Correspondence Schools." (Signed) G. F. HADFIELD, Edgeley, Stockport.

The successes of I.C.S. men everywhere are one of the most striking features of modern industry. In *all* occupations, training given by the International Correspondence Schools is getting students the *best paid jobs.*

What are *you* doing with *your* evenings? If you *are* studying, are you getting instruction in the easy, rapid, thorough *wage-increasing* I.C.S. way?

Send this coupon, wherever you live. I.C.S. training saves class attendance, book costs and all extras. Terms to suit your purse.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"
—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it is so.

SUCCESS COUPON

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.
Dept. 171K, International Bldg., Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify to enter, or to obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or profession before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here .....)

_Engineering (*state which*)	_Business Training
_Aviation _Motor	_Modern Languages
_Analytical Chemistry	_Architecture
_Textile Manufacturing	_Advertising
_University and Professional Preliminary Examinations	_Window Dressing _Civil Service

Over 180 courses in all.

Name.....

Address.....

RUPTURE CURED IN 30 DAYS.

THE WONDERFUL RECORD OF A WELL-KNOWN SPECIALIST.

Thousands freed from Truss Bondage

One of the many Cures.

They speak for themselves.

Mr. C. E. COWLEY, 45, PARKLANDS ROAD, HASSOCKS, SUSSEX, says:—"After one month's use of the Rice Method, I was enabled to re-enlist in the Army for a period of two years (having previously been rejected for further service after completing 12½ years and undergoing an operation). During my last two years' service I partook of such forms of recreation as cricket, football, and hockey, all of which require men to be in good sound condition. I have never experienced any inconvenience from the rupture since I used the Rice Method which I recommend to all."

The most sceptical must now admit that Rupture can be absolutely and completely cured without operation or pain. The long list of cures accomplished by the remarkable method discovered by the well-known Rupture Specialist, W. S. Rice, are irrefutable proofs of this. Scores and scores of men, women and children owe their complete restoration to health to this important discovery. Relieved from the galling bondage of the truss they are now able to enjoy all the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of life in a way that was beyond the wildest dreams of many of them. You can imagine the delight of sufferers, who have been told by doctors that they were incurable, when they were restored to perfect health. You can understand the gratitude of those who anticipated spending the rest of their lives in comparative misery, when, after being told about, and trying the W. S. Rice Method, they found themselves well and strong again.

If it would interest you to see copies of some of the letters received from these people, we shall be very pleased to send them to you.

There are many firms and individuals who claim that they have invented devices which will cure Rupture, but it has been left to W. S. Rice to prove to the world that Rupture absolutely can be cured.

Frequently people are cured by the W. S. Rice Method who have tried every advertised device and remedy without beneficial effect, consequently the conclusion to be arrived at is obvious.

If you are ruptured and would like us to tell you about this remarkable discovery, and how you can cure yourself at home without operation or abstention from work and in perfect comfort, we shall be only too happy to do so. We do not ask you to send a single penny in return; this information is given to you for nothing, if you need it, besides which we send you a "test" free. Many years of hard and continuous work had to be devoted to the cure of Rupture before W. S. Rice made his important discovery, which has revolutionised the treatment of this trouble. You and every Rupture sufferer can now benefit by it simply by writing for free particulars.

Send no money, only fill in the Coupon hereunder, post to the address thereon, and what you need will be sent you by return of post.

COUPON (A 431).

Cut out and post to **WM. S. RICE, Ltd., 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.**

Time Ruptured?.....*Age?* .....

Right, left, or both sides, or navel? .....

Name .....

Address.....

CHARACTER DELINEATIONS.

By Our Tame Phrenologist.

[We have engaged, at enormous expense, an eminent phrenologist—who is, withal, a deep student of current problems—to "feel the bumps" of prominent public men, for the benefit of our readers. How he manages to secure the "sittings" is his own secret.]

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

Mind your head, my lord—else you may raise a bump that will defy the analysis of the ablest of phrenologists—*at* your service. No, my lord, these doors were not made for men of your stature. Take a seat, my lord.

How did I know you were Lord Kitchener? My lord, did I not know you to be a man above such pettinesses, I might fancy you were fishing for compliments. Your eye, sir, would give you away anywhere. Search the vast portrait gallery of living notabilities, and I'll guarantee you will not find another eye like yours. As for its phrenological significance, we will come to that presently.

No difficulty in getting at close quarters with your bumps, my lord. I am a strong advocate for the closely-cropped head. Indeed, as a phrenologist, I prefer the bald. . . . Very good, my lord. . . . Sorry if I seem garrulous. . . . But you must remember, mine is essentially a talking profession, whereas yours . . . Quite so, *quite* so. . . . Hum! . . . Now, my lord, eyes—front! That's it. Er—I find rather more *Amativeness* than I expected, remembering you are a bachelor; but—ah, yes—practically no *Philoprogenitiveness*. That explains your escape from the widespread matrimonial net. Of *Concentrativeness* you have an abundant share, and the same may be said of *Adhesiveness*; while your *Combativeness* is abnormal—even for a soldier. Your organ of *Destructiveness*, on the other hand, is less prominent than I was prepared to find; from which I deduce that although you enjoy a fight, it is not from sheer love of slaughter, but rather as the necessary physical manifestation of an intellectual or tactical contest. This view I find strongly confirmed by the size of your organ of *Constructiveness*. This is the stigmata, so to speak, of the born organiser. *Secretiveness*, *Caution* and *Firmness* are all notable for size and fulness. and, accompanied as they are by well-developed organs of *Locality*, *Number*, *Order*, and *Eventuality*, show you to be provided with the complete mental equipment of a successful general.

Now we will consider your eye. The eye, to use the phrenological phrase, or jargon, as you might call it, is the seat of *Language*; and the peculiarity of your eye is that although its expression is uncommon and striking, it does not exhibit those characteristics which indicate fluency of speech. It is, in a sense, a retrospective eye. It is the cold, calculating eye—not, let me hasten to say, in the monetary sense; it is not an eye to light up with enthusiasm or soften with emotion. Doubtless it can flash with scorn; but, on the whole, it is an eye with a changeless, an unalterable expression—calm, penetrating, far-seeing, almost Olympian in its steadfastness and aloofness.

You are surely not going yet, my lord? Your head is a most interesting study, and I should like to devote more time to its more notable features. . . . Certainly, my lord, if you must, you must. . . . Duty, by all means, before—er—phrenology. Ha, ha!

Thank you, my lord. . . . Your generosity will be gratefully remembered. Good-day.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

[In this column we give from week to week an anticipatory—always good-humoured—Epitaph of some celebrity of the day. We need scarcely say we hope it will be many years before his relatives will have to consider seriously our suggestion.]

Thys
Cinerary Urn
Contaynes
Ye impalpable afhes
Of
Sir Almroth Edward Wright, Kt.,
Who
Threw a bombfhelle
Intoe ye flabbergafted ranks
Of ye Suffragettes,
Born
Anno Domini 1861,
Ye sonne of a Doctor of Divinitie,
Hee earlie decyded hymfelfe toe become
A Doctor,
Butte
Of another sorte;
Soe,
Havynge completed hys courfe atte Dublin Univerfitie,
Hee purfued hys medickal studies
Wyth suche afsiduitie
Thatte
In due courfe hee became
Profefsor of Pathologie at the
Armie Medickal Schoole,
Netley,
And,
Anno Domini 1898,
Was appoynted a Member of
Ye Indian Plague Commifsion,
Butte
Alle thys byce ye waie;
For itt was notte untill
Anno Domini 1911
Thatte nee came confpicuouflie before ye publick,
Whenne hee declared thatte cleanlinefse,
Inftead of beynge next toe godlinefse,
Was a stupyd superfticion;
In other wordes
Thatte wafhynge was a wycked wafte of water
And didde more harme thanne goode;
Whereatte ye schooleboies throughout ye lande rejoyced
And were exceedynge gladde,
And ye trampes and mouchers clapt theyre handes for joie.
Hee lykewyfe afserted thatte ye craze for frefh air
Was tommie rotte,
Ye whyche enraged ye "open-window maniacks."
Warymynge toe hys worke
Hee next stated
Thatte phyfickal exercife was a greate myftake,
Wyth whyche opinion ye loafers throughout ye lande
Heartilie agreed.
Butte
Whenne hee declared
Thatte women shoulde notte have ye vote
Becaufe of theyre
"Periodickallie recurrynge phafes of
Hyperfenfityvenefse, unreafonablenefse,
And lofs of ye senfe of proporçion,"
Hee rayfed a storme
Of myngled execraçion and applaufe.
Inftantlie
Ye furyous howls of indignante Suffragettes
Confyrmed hys views,
And ye Conçiliaçion Bill,
Thenne before Parlymente,
Was incontinentilie throwne out.
Whereupon
Hee refted onne hys laurels
And,
Inn ye fulnefs of tyme,
Dyed.

Though manie sayed Sir Almroth Wright was wronge,
Wright still is ryght, as will bee proved ere longe.

"Waiting to be Shaved" is a perpetual source of annoyance and waste of valuable time.

Almost every man knows the inconvenience and discomfort of a shave at the average barber's. Nine times out of ten you find at least three or four other "waiters" to take their turn before you—and while you wait, others come in.

The barber is generally "busy"—He must get his work done quickly, so you, as well as others are "rushed" through in order to be ready for the next.

Your time is too valuable, so free yourself from all this trouble and inconvenience. Buy a

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

and shave in comfort throughout your life. The CLEMAK has established its reputation amongst shaving men who, having tried other razors, find that irrespective of price the CLEMAK is the best.—It gives a clean, close, comfortable shave every time.—Prove our statement—Buy one to-day.

The CLEMAK Safety Razor is BRITISH MADE—simple—strong—durable. The CLEMAK Complete 5/- Outfit consists of Triple Silver-Plated Frame (beautifully finished), Self-contained Stropping Handle, and Seven Perfect Blades (these blades are made of the Finest Grade Sheffield Steel, hardened and tempered by a Special Electric Process); the whole contained in a case, size 2 ins. by 3¼ ins.

We also make a specially finished case containing twelve carefully selected CLEMAK Blades, an extra heavily silver-plated CLEMAK Frame, CLEMAK Stropping Machine, and a superior Velvet Hide Strop.

Price Complete 10/6.

Obtainable from Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc., or post free direct from CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Buy a CLEMAK Safety Razor To-Day — and it will prove your friend for life.

DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Rutherford and Son."

Call it ugly, too terrible in its bitterness, too painful in its sorrowful solemnity, but there is no disguising the truth that this drama stills you into complete silence, and absorbs you until its conclusion. Stay, though—is there a conclusion to Miss Sowerby's story? No! And this is exactly where "Rutherford and Son" just fails. The real, the main, interest is centred in Janet—Mr. Rutherford's hard-working, patient, down-trodden drudge of a daughter, Janet—and Martin, the handsome, loyal, and trusted foreman of the House of Rutherford. What becomes of them? Nobody knows. Rutherford—otherwise Norman McKinnel—the hard-fisted, stern master of the "House," who would stick at nothing, not even at stealing his son's invention to save the crumbling foundations of the firm, has made everybody subservient to his dogged inflexibility. His family is terrified of him. His will yields to no one's persuasion. When he discovers that his youngest boy has found a way of making metal at one-half the cost his workmen can turn it out at, he deliberately plots to get the secret from Martin, who has helped the young fellow in his endeavour. When "John" finds out his father has robbed him of his property, he, in his turn, breaks open old Rutherford's cash-box, takes what there is in it, and flies from the house, leaving his girl-wife and baby boy behind. But this is not the least pitiful situation. Martin and Janet are lovers. The village is agog with gossip concerning the "goings on" of Rutherford's elderly "sour" daughter, and the good-looking workman. The knowledge comes to Mr. Rutherford's ears simultaneously with the news that Martin knows of John's discovery, and holds in his possession the paper with requisite details. Old Rutherford determines to get this and sack Janet's seducer afterwards. He succeeds in his purpose. Martin and his mistress meet. In vain she pleads that her love will recompense him for his dismissal. It is useless. Martin, too, is adamant. "What's that money for?" asks Janet. "For you," replies the man, "and maybe for the unborn bairn." But the woman is numbed, her senses deadened with grief. Hope has gone from her for ever. She sits silently rocking herself backwards and forwards, her hands clasped together. Presently she speaks. "Take up your money, Martin, I don't want it," and the man goes out—where? By-and-by, Janet, tortured by the sound of John and his wife quarrelling, rushes with a piercing wail out on to the ice-cold moors. Whither does she go? Nobody knows. John, with his stolen money, also goes. So Rutherford, his daughter-in-law, and the child asleep upstairs are left alone in the house. "I'll make a bargain with you; let me remain here, have the care of my child for ten years, and then you can take him in hand," says the young wife. "Why should you have the care of him for ten years?" demands the man. "Because by that time you will be old, and——" "Sh, sh! What's that?" queries Rutherford. "It's my boy—he's waking up," cries the mother, and runs from the room as the curtain falls. An unsatisfactory ending—the only surmise being that the House of Rutherford will go on and maybe prosper. But at what a price!

OUR £2,000 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

The Consolation Prize of £25 in our Football Forecast D Competition has been awarded to

Mr. James Pullen, 10, St. Mary's Road, Reigate,

who was successful in predicting 17 winners out of 20 matches played on March 23rd.

Whilst in the Results Football No. 12 Competition

Mr. W. Millar, 51, Mayfair Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne,

and

Mr. S. J. Tyler, 3, Llantrisant Road, Tonyrefail, Glam.,

are each awarded £12 10s., having named the 6 winning teams with 3 correct scores.

Several readers sent in claims for the Lincoln and National "Double" after the Lincoln Handicap had been run. We are considering the advisability of publishing the names and addresses of these "would-be" sharps.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—

Wouldn't "Govern-meant" be the more correct spelling?
Shouldn't "Tariff Reform" for miners mean "Protection" for owners?
Doesn't the "Right to Work" also apply to non-unionists?
Isn't "oil" helping to smooth the troubled waters?
Mustn't the Insurance Act be weak to need such a powerful *staff*?
Isn't Winston Churchill rather fond of "going to see"?
Have the Suffragettes lost their "balance"?
Isn't the Post Office "at a loss" over the telephones?
Wouldn't a Daylight Saving Bill "daylight" most of us?
Isn't the London University fund beating "the clock"?
Haven't the French motor bandits "exceeded the limit"?
Is "Union is Strength" the Letchworth Garden City motto?

"There are signs of a growing sanity in dress," says the *Manchester Guardian*. There is certainly less padded room about it.

A gardening journal is giving away seeds. A good way of acquiring a growing circulation.

A contemporary has an article on "Fish that Sing." The humming restaurant variety is, of course, well known.

"Doctored Milk," says a heading. The cold water cure, we suppose.

The bright official who post-marked a lot of letters "February 30, 1912," must have been suffering from Leap-Year-it-is.

Feathers on shoes are described as a Parisian novelty. But Frenchwomen always did plume themselves on their feet.

"Our whole industrial organism rests on coal," says Mr. P. H. Illingworth. A foundation now being "undermined."

"Napoleon: Our Last Great Man," is the name of a new book. Has the author never heard of Keir Hardie?

The Kingston girl who got a month for stealing milk should have copied the aristocratic shoplifter, and pleaded that her doctor told her to "take milk."

Moving pictures are to be used to further the temperance cause. We hope the subjects will be well "treated."

A Glatz baker complains that Captain Lux owes him £3 for bread supplied during his imprisonment. The captain probably considers that Germany should pay for his "keep."

"Firemen Forbidden to Marry," we read. They *will* be "put out."

"Art is the pursuit of beauty," Mr. J. B. S. Holborn tells us. Then the stage-door "Johnnie" is an artist?

Mr. Robert Loraine's new production is called "98.9." Critics must agree that it contains at least one good point.

An astronomer considers that Mars is inhabited: and the men have very long noses. Perhaps, after all, the canals are only trunk lines.

Many doctors are prescribing the skating rink cure for depression. We expect it is often suddenly lifted.

Umbrellas can now be hired for twopence. A cheap way of providing for a rainy day.

Nottingham bakers are threatening to strike. Apparently they want their "dough" raised.

Blindfold golf seems to be blind man's bluff.

An Essex labourer who kept his money in a clothes box has been stripped of his savings. We hope he will get some redress.

The National School of Silent Salesmanship, 39, Finsbury Pavement, has shown us the book of instructions and letters of advice which "I Doanthink" would have received had he sent 1s. 6d. to them. The book of instructions is certainly well compiled, being excellently printed, and full of useful hints given in unambiguous language. Should the recipient of the book take up the two guinea course of twelve lessons in salesmanship, the 1s. 6d. is credited to him, and he is, in addition, presented with a handsome outfit of useful implements. Perhaps "I Doanthink" will now cogitate.

TECLA PEARLS

7 Old Bond Street London
10 Rue de la Paix Paris
15 Unter den Linden Berlin
16 Avenue Masséna Nice
2 Kärnthnerstrasse Vienna
398 Fifth Avenue New York

No other Branches or Agents

THE MAGIC CUBES OF ST. IVEL.

A Revolution in Beef Beverages.

You don't have to sacrifice the **flavour** of prime beef to get its wholesomeness and food value.

You thought you had to? But that was because you have been using ordinary beef extract—harsh flavoured and unpleasing in appearance and smell—and not made as **you** would make it in your kitchen.

The most tempting dinner roast and best-cooked vegetables ever served at your table were not more tempting, or more delicious, than the flavour and savour that greet your delighted senses when you taste a cup of Ivelcon.

Ivelcon dissolves instantly. It leaves no sediment, and you can tell that it is pure by its fresh, delicious flavour—a flavour of its own—the flavour of choice, meadow-grazed country beef and fresh vegetables.

Then think how easily a delicious cup of hot Ivelcon is prepared. Just drop a dainty little cube into a cup and add boiling water. That is all. All the ingredients and flavours are then held in suspension, and the Consommé is ready for instant use without the addition of salt, seasoning, or any other flavouring.

Buy Ivelcon for your household—carry it with you in case of need. You will always be sure of a wholesome, nutritious, sustaining and palatable food beverage if you have these "Magic Cubes of St. Ivel." Ivelcon is sold by all grocers at 6d., 1s., and 3s. 6d. per box.

HAVE YOU AN IVELCON CUP?

A beautiful piece of real English China, fit for anyone's table or for a collector's cabinet. It is decorated *à la Goss* with the Heraldic Arms of Yeovil in red enamel, and holds the exact quantity of delicious, health-giving Consommé that one little cube of Ivelcon will make. Price 1s., carriage paid. Sample of Ivelcon sent with each cup, or send lids from twelve 6d. or six 1s. tins of Ivelcon, together with 4d. for postage, and one will be sent you free of charge.

Address: St. Ivel, Ltd., Dept. M., Yeovil, Somerset.

Cheese for Breakfast.

The Habits of a Country.

Many a time when in Amsterdam and Rotterdam I have enjoyed the delicious light Dutch Breakfast, which always includes thin slices of Cheese, and yet in England we are so hide bound by our habits and traditions that we never put cheese on the Breakfast Table. Years ago it was the regular custom in Dorset County districts to take blue-Vinney Cheese at tea time, and you will find the custom still observed in isolated places, and very delicious this cheese is with butter and tea.

The ideal cheese for breakfast is St. Ivel Lactic Cheese or St. Ivel Lactic Curd Cheese. The latter Cheese has rather less flavour. It is soft and delicate in flavour. It has all the good qualities which are associated with St. Ivel. Now that the spring is here and a fresh breakfast food is looked for, it would be impossible to find a better change than St. Ivel.

Ask your Store for St. Ivel Lactic Cheese or St. Ivel Curd Cheese and see which you like the best for breakfast. A sample curd cheese sent post free on receipt of 6½d. by St. Ivel Ltd., Yeovil.

Soft—Creamy—Delicious

St. IVEL CHEESE

Not only easily digested, but is considered by medical men to be a great aid to digestion.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of INQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

E. F. G. (Johannesburg) sends us a long and chatty letter about things out there. We are always glad to hear from the boys oversea.

A. C. H. (Hampton Wick) says that passing along Fenchurch Street the other Thursday he heard one hawker say to the other, "Not many pennies about to-day, Bill," and receive the following reply: "Well, it's JOHN BULL's day." We hope Bill was selling us.

S. T. S. (Birmingham) and others point out that March 1st, the date inserted in Clause 1 of our proposed Coal Strike Bill, was subsequent to the commencement of the strike. The clause, however, was simply what is known as a "skeleton"—neither the exact date nor language being in the form in which it would appear in the Parliamentary Bill.

H. W. (Everton) sends us two cuttings and portraits from the *Evening Express*, one representing Mr. Astbury, K.C., as the "oldest Suffragette," and the other representing Dr. Mary Walker as the "K.C. sued for libel." The mistake lends itself to varied treatment—but no more Contempt of Court, if you please!

B. W. (Hammersmith).—We quite agree that if people would do their own thinking instead of putting it out, like the washing, things might soon buck up. But the human is constitutionally lazy.

T. N. G. (New Jersey, U.S.A.) sends us a cutting from the *New York Times* stating that Keir Hardie refused to express any opinion in their columns about the coal strike for less than $50, explaining that that was the sum American papers were in the habit of paying him when they wanted an interview. The American papers must be hard up for "copy." We doubt whether his opinion on any question is worth 10 cents.

"JUSTICE" (Birmingham).—It may operate harshly in some cases, but we believe the parish authorities are within their rights in appropriating the Old Age Pension of a parishioner who comes upon the rates by entering the infirmary for treatment. After all, it is only justice to the ratepayers that this should be so. The loss to the pensioner's relatives has nothing to do with it, the pension being legally purely a personal payment.

F. E. C. (Finsbury Park, N.) points out that the *Daily Express* published on the 13th of last March was dated 31st March. Nothing like being ahead of the times.

"JOHN WILLIE" (Liverpool) wants to know the stipend of the Vicar of St. Silas's Church, Pembroke Place, Liverpool. Turn it up in "Crockford's" in the local library. We haven't time. He also inquires whether it is usual for churchwardens to pay 6s. per year each when they "sign on," and, if so, where does the money go? We are not very well up in the habits and manners of the genus churchwarden, but we know they do many queer things.

A. G. (Isle of Man) asks us to "take the bull by the horns, and advocate 'The United States of Europe and America,' and Free Trade all round." We don't mind taking the bull by the horns, provided it is a nice, quiet bull, but we will wait until we see established the "United States of Great Britain and the British Dominions across the Seas" before we tackle the larger job.

"ST. VINCENT" (W.I.) waxeth sarcastic at our expense because subsequent to our issue of 30th September last, in which we advised readers desirous of participating in the Calcutta Sweepstake to send 14s. to the Secretary of the Calcutta Turf Club, the said Club have altered their rules, restricting the sweep to members only. We are not responsible for the alteration in the Club rules. What appeared in JOHN BULL in September *was so*; and what has appeared since *is* so.

A. H. B. (Petersfield) says he sent 20 rupees to the Calcutta Turf Club for the sweepstake before it was announced that members only could participate, and he now asks us whether he had better write and ask for the return of his money. We have wrestled with the problem, and after deep and exhaustive consideration have come to the conclusion that he had.

Mrs. C. (Birmingham) asks when we are going to let Jane Ann go to service again, and why we do not let Jim Crow settle the coal strike. We assure Mrs. C. we have placed no impediment in the way in either case, but from information received we understand that Jane Ann is in Holloway, and Jim Crow has gone in for dog-breeding.

E. C. H. (Gaddington) tells us that Brixham (Devon) police have resuscitated the Black List, and are busy distributing the portraits and descriptions of three Brixham gentlemen who are prone to look on the wine when it is red. We can imagine the consternation of convivial Brixhamites, who are doubtless asking themselves and one another "Who next?"

"SIESS" (Glasgow) wants to know "whether the advertised 'Government Tea' is for Parties." Very likely. There *has* been a good deal of Moaning at the Bar lately.

G. A. (Bucks).—Yours appears to be a matter for the police.

"BUMPS" (Rugeley) asks us to give him the name and address of any anti-phrenologist. There are none left. The brilliant delineations of our Tame Phrenologist have converted them all.

"CONSTANT READER" (London, W.) desires us to ask Mr. Churchill "what precautions he has taken to prevent the German Army landing at Yarmouth." He may consider the scent of the bloaters provides sufficient protection.

T. H. (Birmingham) is anxious to know the "equivalent salary in England for that of £300 a year in India and in Egypt." Exactly £300 a year. But it goes about twice as far here.

"TRUE BRITISHER" (Vancouver) tells us that after seeing the brutal way the unemployed were treated by the Vancouver police, he is coming "back to England into civilisation once more, as Vancouver is a good second to Russia." He will be welcome. True Britishers are badly needed at home just now.

J. G. C. (Halifax).—We know nothing about the "Electricon Galvanic Appliances" for the cure of deafness, but we do know that no apparatus yet made will cure all kinds of deafness; so if we were you we would rather spend a couple of guineas in consulting a specialist than risk one guinea on a pair of "Electricons," whatever those mysterious articles may be.

H. O. (Edmonton, Alb.) says "I have been all over this Dominion and I have never seen the things you complain of." He should get his sight attended to without delay. Meantime, Canadian emigrants, beware!

"ANXIOUS."—If you want to know what chances there are in New Zealand for "a collier and a dresser of castings or chipper (foundry)" you had better write and ask the Chief Clerk, Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.

"NORWICH" (Clapton, N. E.).—The best way to get a picture inexpensively judged is to send it to Christie's for sale by auction, and buy it in yourself just as it is about to be knocked down to the last bidder.

"NATIVE TIMBER" (Glam.).—The paper called *Wood Craft*, published at 22, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., price 8d., might help you to find a market for hand-made furniture, etc., made of native timber. Get it and see.

"DEVON" (Exeter).—It is very considerate of you to let your customers take away your two copies of JOHN BULL every week, but you might take off the covers, so that should a successful "number" come your way you will not be the loser.

F. L. (Manchester).—You had better write to *Mrs. Bull* (medical column) about your sallow complexion. The only remedy we can suggest is frequent internal applications of beef, bread and beer.

G. E. H. (E. Twickenham).—Surely it is as important for ex-convicts to be found work (to help them to remain honest) as it is for those who "have never been found out."

J. P. L (Gosport).—We note that "as a class the drapers' assistants (female) are as pure as any." We believe you. "As a class" is correct.

"VAN RIET" (Bloemfontein) reminds us of the following lines by Tennyson:—

> "Ring out a slowly dying cause,
> And ancient forms of party strife;
> Ring in the nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws."

That's just what we're trying our best to do.

"CRACK SHOT" (Liverpool) sends us particulars of the R.M.S. "Empress of Britain" Rifle Club—the only rifle club on board an Atlantic liner. We shall have to travel by that boat when we go to Canada, for the sake of having a shot.

T. E. (Old Kent Road) encloses an advertisement cut from the *Diss Express*:—

> A STURDY LABOURER required; honest, sober, saving; likes work on land. A permanent place for the right sort of man, who can do two jobs at the same time and prefers work to wages.—Phipson, Winfarthing.

Most of the men we know who can do two jobs at the same time prefer wages.

W. S. (Ealing) asks "Where does John Burns' name come in during the coal strike?" Nowhere.

T. S. (Bristol).—It was certainly very unkind, not to say sacrilegious, on the part of the *Western Daily News* to announce that "The Very Dev. the Dean" was in residence at Bristol Cathedral. We have heard of the Devil being a monk, but this is the first time we have seen it suggested that a Dean is a "Dev."

T. C. B. (Hull), referring to one of our recent "Biscuits," points out that by means of a certain switch electric light can now be lowered like gas. Ours has long been lowered by the coal strike. Meanwhile we have passed the letter on to our advertising department.

[We are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

If You're Seeking a Position
which will afford fullest scope for your Special Capabilities, get into touch with it through Hapgoods. We bring together Men of Special Ability, and Employers seeking Capable Men to fill the Responsible Positions they have open—positions carrying salaries of from £150 to £1,000 a year. If you are a really First Class Man—and your record is good—write us to-day.
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"MRS. BULL"
Every Tuesday. One Penny.

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"BLACK —&— WHITE"

The Highest Standard of QUALITY.

THE HOLIDAY AFOOT

—is perhaps the healthiest and best way of spending Easter, and appeals to a good many vigorous people. To ensure making your holiday spent in this fashion as enjoyable as possible see that your foot covering is of good quality, dependable and comfortable. Below will be found a description of a good, strong, Walking Boot and our "Ho-less" Socks that make for foot comfort when on the "tramp."

"Ho-less" Socks, pure Botany Knitted Wool; may also be obtained in plain, coloured Cashmere in six good colours. Six pairs in a box for **12/-**

Six months Guarantee Coupons is ued with every box.

Men's Substantial Box Calf Boots in narrow medium and broad Toes. Very stout yet pliable soles Best conceivable boot for walking. **16/6**

P.S.—"Golsport" Jac ets, 35/- and 45/-.

SELFRIDGE & CO., Ltd., Oxford St., London, W

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FARROW'S BANK Ltd.

Deals only with the leading members of the STOCK EXCHANGE, and is prepared to buy or sell Stocks and Shares for its

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The Department is in direct telephone communication with the Stock Exchange and is in consequence enabled to deal at the closest possible market price, and offers EXTENSIVE FACILITIES to investors throughout the Kingdom.

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I, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

☞ *Instructions for deals in Options, Margins or Covers are not accepted.*

CASTLE Collars

List of Shapes Free on Request

are faced with strong Irish Linen woven in our Banbridge factory and are our own make throughout.

6D. SAMPLE "CASTLE" COLLAR 6D.
IN ANY SHAPE OR SIZE.
POST FREE FOR SIX STAMPS.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
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LONDON. BELFAST. LIVERPOOL.

A PERFECT SUIT

IN A FEW DAYS!

Don't Delay!!!

Get Absolutely the Best Tailoring for Ready Money—be well dressed when the days come. A FREEMAN'S Lounge Suit—either in Light or Dark, Navy Blue Beyelot Serge, or best tweeds in the Finest Suit at the Price Sold.

The Suit has No Equal. The Material is Wonderful. Send 2/6 5 post with Measurements and you will have delivered Free to Your Door for

30/- A PERFECT SUIT

Should you require Patterns of Tweed Cheviots, etc., just send Post Card Should you not know your measurements, we will send free Measurement Forms and Host of Patterns.

We can supply you with—

FROCK COAT, MORNING COAT OR SHOWER-PROOF OVERCOAT.

LOUIS FREEMAN,

The LARGEST BESPOKE TAILOR

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INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL £421,403

Life. Fire. Accident.
Motor. Burglary. Plate Glass.

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16, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Also at LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Telegrams: "Gallop, Edinburgh." Send for Rules, Ready Reckoner, &c.

BUSINESS ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

These numbers are all drawn from sold tickets only. The lucky winners of these prizes might please write in their claim to me as soon as results are known. I will forward the money to them as soon as possible.

353331	HELOT	335149	CINDERELLO
198913	BRANDIMINTINE	123926	CHANTEUR
277535	FAIR TEST	2 5870	ETON BOY
72343	TOILER	73875	WARF RE
319309	DANDYPRAT	42664	ST. FELICIEN
40283	ROYAL TENDER	91211	CIGAR
97395	GREAT SURPRISE	341105	BACHELOR'S HOPE
76411	HORNET'S BEAUTY	101927	SPIKED
51717	MERCUTIO	51326	LONG SET
151520	MY COLLAR	210001	BACHELOR'S TAX
211567	MOSCATO	7209	OUR JOHNNY
369395	THE STORY	195661	DRINMORE
56641	SPANISH PRINCE	306795	SHORT GRASS
71111	SUNSPOT	9659	HAYDEN
47771	BEAUREPAIRE	169252	CANONITE
61931	UNCLE PAT	355481	MARCO BOZZARIS
40153	JEWELLER	207141	BEN ALDER
116467	NEWCASTLE II	1513	SOBIESKI
298221	CATRAIL	189010	Mr. PEEPER
5999	SHANBALLYMORE	201891	BRAXTED
326036	DALNACRAG	341177	KNIGHT OF HONOUR.
9007	MARY THE SECOND	92217	FAIRY MAID

I certify that these are the numbers and Horses drawn for the Lincolnshire Sweepstakes, and that same has been drawn in a straightforward and honourable manner.—Yours faithfully, JOHN McLAUCHLAN.

This copy was posted to "John Bull" on the 25th March, 1912.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.]

The Contrast.

We hear people say that they do like steeplechase meetings because of the greater sport, and considerably more interest. Particularly if you do not bet, and only want to look on, flat racing is by comparison extraordinarily tame, especially the five-furlong scrambles, one after the other. You do *see* something in the horses going round and round at the winter sport.

Prophetic.

Excepting the little sporting Plumpton fixture, where Jet, Watershield and Sandown may win their races, there is nothing but Easter's big programme to speak of. Adhering to 'chasing for the moment, Sir Halbert should, on the National running, win the Lancashire Steeplechase, for he is very much better "in," while Briery, who has missed so many races of late, has probably been saved for the Jubilee Handicap, and, with most of the others penalised or beaten recently, his chance is obvious. Similarly might his stable companion, Master Tredennis, win the Spring Handicap on the first day. Kempton looks like providing Cheleken with a success in the Easter Handicap, while recent form also points to

Protestant Boy

being thereabouts for the Queen's Prize.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS.

By "McW."

The busy Easter season is upon us, when strange things happen to football form. When extra matches must be played, teams are apt to have their players crocked, and strange results accrue. Let us see, however, if we cannot find some Easter Eggs in the following selections.:—

Probables (Good Friday).

Aston Villa.	Newcastle.	Bradford.
Fulham.	Swindon.	West Ham.
Bristol Rovers.	Q.P. Rangers.	Reading.

Possibles (Good Friday).

Burnley (away).	Wolves (away).	Glossop.
Luton.	New Brompton.	Manchester City.

Probables (April 6th).

Blackburn R.	Manchester U.	Sheffield W.
Bradford.	Fulham.	Huddersfield.
Stockport.	Q.P. Rangers.	Plymouth.

Possibles (April 6th).

Notts County.	Spurs.	Chelsea (away)
Barnsley.	Burnley (away).	Brentford.

Probables (Easter Monday).

Everton.	Sunderland.	Woolwich A.
Grimsby.	Notts Forest.	Wolves.
Brighton.	Plymouth.	Watford.

Possibles (Easter Monday).

Bradford.	Spurs.	Barnsley.
Leyton.	Norwich.	Crystal Palace.

W. & A. FOX, Football Accountants,
BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

£1,006 to 5/-

The Totalisator

has paid this sum out over one Lincoln Handicap investment on LONG SET. Mr. E. H. Hann, of 77a, Larden Road, Acton Vale, London, was the lucky winner of this sum.

£10,000 to 5/- over the winner of the Derby.

Terms sent free on application by penny postcard to

The TOTALISATOR,
LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.
Managing Director - - - H. Cullerne-Bown.

BERT FRY, BALE 2, SWITZERLAND.

The Sportsman, July 14th, 1911, says:—"BERT FRY, one of the best-known of the Flushing Turf Accountants, has removed his offices to Bale, Switzerland."

Football

COMMISSIONS ACCEPTED FOR THREE HOME TEAMS.
Special Half-Time Sheet. £50 Free Prize Weekly. Free Postage.

THE SAFE MAN WHO GIVES THE BEST TERMS AND SATISFACTION.

C. H. STAPLETON

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Write in confidence, stating weekly credit required.

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ESTABLISHED 16 YEARS.

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THE WORLD'S PREMIER Football Accountants,
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The Man Who Always Pays.
Basle 2, Switzerland.

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Book of Tickets on the DERBY Post Free on Application.
Postcards, 1d. Postage, 2½d.

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The Oldest Established Football Accountants in the World.

THE RACING STUD SPECIAL.

Gives "One Horse" Nap per day. Praised by L. Lynx of the PEOPLE, JOHN BULL, etc. Gave March 25th, Catrail 7-4 won, 26th, Aristocracy 10-1 won, 27th, Coreen 100-8 won, 28th, Smirk 2nd, 29th, lost. Post 5/- for NEXT MONDAY'S SPECIAL, Extra Good. High Road, Turnham Green, London.

ALLEN'S DAILY SYSTEM WIRES
AND
ALLEN'S GREAT METHOD OF TURF INVESTMENT.

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WIRES THAT ABSOLUTELY RENDER WINNING A SUPREME CERTAINTY! Thousands of Backers have successfully followed my Daily System Wires season after season, and IT IS A RECOGNISED FACT THAT MY WIRES ARE UNPRECEDENTED WINNER-FINDERS. No other available Turf Intelligence can approach within a distance of my marvellous winning score! I positively render you unbeatable as a backer and enable you to win enormous profits! You need never "look back" a single moment, once you adopt my Daily System Wires and Method, there is no missing the mark whatever.

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Absolutely without fail each season, and this unique guarantee is so genuinely carried out to the very letter that you are absolutely ensured the supreme certainty of MAKING MONEY this season.

I WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL, ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT ANY DEDUCTIONS if you can possibly find that I fail in the terms of my guarantee!

You can Start No With Only A Small Capital of **£3**

THE TURF RENDERED A SOURCE OF REGULAR INCOME!
READ MY GREAT FREE BOOK!
It explains everything about my DAILY SYSTEM WIRES, and tells you how you WIN without possibility of failure. YOU CAN WIN A FORTUNE! My book tells how you can make a Regular Income! It contains scores of genuine testimonials, convincing proofs etc. Also many press recommendations and record of MY SELECTIONS for 1909, 1910 & 1911. Write your name and address and the words "John Bull" on a postcard and upon receipt of same, you will have this Great FREE Book sent you in a PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE. This book will prove a stepping stone to success.
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Clients' Daily Profits Often Exceed the splendid total of **£10**

£2,000 TWO FOOTBALL PROBLEMS. PRIZE MONEY WEEKLY £2,000

No Entrance Fee—£50 MUST BE WON EVERY WEEK.

The football season is drawing to a close, and so far no one has won our £1,000 outright. Every week we offer £2,000 in two unique and sporting competitions, which briefly are as follows:—

1. £1,000 for naming one match of each League in which the most goals are scored on Saturday, April 13, or, in other words, £1,000 for three results.

2. £1,000 for estimating the result of the score of matches named below (Competition G).

N.B.—You may enter the £1,000 COMPETITION FOR THREE RESULTS, or the £1,000 COMPETITION FOR CORRECT FORECAST, or you may enter both, but remember this, a Voucher from the first page of the cover of this issue MUST accompany each coupon. One Voucher will not suffice for any two coupons. For each and every coupon you send in you must enclose with same a Voucher. Any competitor not complying with this condition will be disqualified.

It goes without saying that the competitions are enormously popular, and football enthusiasts all over the country are anxious to set the seal on their ability by winning one of our prizes. Most competitors doubtless have the points of our schemes at their finger ends by now, but for those who have not we would point out that if going for the £1,000 for three results, all you have to do is to state which clubs in Column One competing against each other, which two clubs in Column Two, and which two in Column Three will between them score the greatest number of goals, and give the actual scores.

If your estimate is the only correct one you will receive £1,000 for your skill. If your estimate proves to be the one most nearly accurate

You Win £25.

Here is an instance from the coupon below:—

Div. 1	BRADFORD C.	4	v.	MIDDLESBRO'	2
,, 2	CHELSEA	3	v.	HULL CITY ..	3
S. L.	LUTON	2	v.	SWINDON	4

Taking this as an attempt, and supposing it to be a correct forecast of the 3 games productive of *most goals*, then your banking account would be increased by £1,000. Were the forecast, although not absolutely correct, the nearest to the correct results, you would win the prize of £25.

If you are looking for guidance, let us recommend to you the views of the great football writer and expert, "McW.," who contributes an article weekly in another column. And last, but not least, do not run away with the idea that we do not wish you to win our mammoth prize.

WE WANT THE £1,000—or rather £2,000, TO BE WON.

Remember, in conclusion, that you must select clubs actually competing against each other as set out in the coupon.

No. 15. THREE RESULTS £1,000.

COUPON FOR MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, APRIL 13th.

The two opposing clubs in Column One, the two in Column Two, and the two in Column Three which, between them, will total the largest number of goals and the goals which each will score will be as follows:—

ENGLISH LEAGUE (Div. I.) Goals.			Goals.
WOOLWICH A.	.....	v. BURY	.....
W. B. ALBION	.....	v. SUNDERLAND	.....
NEWCASTLE U.	.....	v. LIVERPOOL	.....
EVERTON	.....	v. BLACKBURN R.	.....
OLDHAM A.	.....	v. TOTTENHAM H.	.....
SHEFFIELD U.	.....	v. MANCHESTER U.	.....
PRESTON N.E.	.....	v. ASTON VILLA	.....
BOLTON W.	.....	v. NOTTS COUNTY	.....
MANCHESTER C.	.....	v. SHEFFIELD W.	.....
BRADFORD C.	.....	v. MIDDLESBRO'	.....

ENGLISH LEAGUE (Div. II.). Goals.			Goals.
BIRMINGHAM	.....	v. HUDDERSFIELD	.....
BRISTOL C.	.....	v. BLACKPOOL	.....
CHELSEA	.....	v. HULL CITY	.....
CLAPTON O.	.....	v. GLOSSOP	.....
GAINSBORO' T.	.....	v. FULHAM	.....
GRIMSBY T.	.....	v. BRADFORD	.....
LEICESTER F.	.....	v. DERBY C.	.....
NOTTS FOREST	.....	v. BARNSLEY	.....
WOLVES	.....	v. STOCKPORT C.	.....

SOUTHERN LEAGUE (Div. I.). Goals.			Goals.
BRIGHTON	.....	v. WEST HAM U.	.....
STOKE	.....	v. MILLWALL	.....
COVENTRY C.	.....	v. Q. P. RANGERS	.....
LEYTON	.....	v. BRENTFORD	.....
NORWICH C.	.....	v. EXETER	.....
CRYSTAL P.	.....	v. N. BROMPTON	.....
SOUTHAMPTON	.....	v. WATFORD	.....
PLYMOUTH	.....	v. READING	.....
NORTHAMPTON	.....	v. BRISTOL R.	.....
LUTON	.....	v. SWINDON	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly," and I enter this Competition on that clear understanding.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Should no one succeed in estimating all the particulars correctly, then £25 will be awarded each and every week to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly correct. In the event of a tie the £25 will be divided.

CONDITIONS TO BE OBSERVED IN BOTH COMPETITIONS.

N.B.—A Voucher from Page One of Cover must accompany each Coupon.

1. The decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly" must be accepted as final and legally binding, and you enter only on that clear understanding.
2. Your estimate must be written only on a JOHN BULL Coupon, or on the Coupon to be found in "Lotinga's Weekly," and a voucher from one of these papers must accompany each coupon.
3. £1,000 will be awarded in each competition to the competitor (or competitors) sending an absolutely correct estimate. If no competitor is absolutely correct in his coupon, £25 will be given in each competition to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly correct. In the event of a tie the Prize will be divided.
4. JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly" will not accept any responsibility whatever in the matter of the non-delivery or delay of any attempt submitted.
5. All correspondence in the matter of the conduct of these competitions will be ignored.
6. Readers in Scotland are precluded from taking part in our Football Competitions owing to the attitude of their Law officers.
7. All competitors claiming prizes must send in their claims by the Thursday following the matches played.
8. All competitors must put the name and number or letter of the competition on the top left-hand corner of the front of the envelope containing coupons or claims, and their names or *noms de plume* only must be distinctly written on the back of the envelope.
9. Competitors sending in claims must forward copy of coupons to which their claims refer.
10. When two or more matches in the same League result in an equal number of goals, then the match including the team highest on the League table the previous Saturday will count in the Three Results Competition.
11. Coupons and vouchers for both Competitions may be sent in the same envelope.

Mark your envelopes "Football" and post your attempts so that they reach JOHN BULL, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C., not later than mid-day Thursday, April 11th next.

G £1,000 FOOTBALL FORECAST G

COUPON FOR MATCHES

(No Entrance Fee.) **TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, APRIL 13th.** **(No Entrance Fee.**

(Cross out in ink the club which you think will lose. Where you anticipate a draw do not cross out either.)

W. B. ALBION	v. SUNDERLAND	BIRMINGHAM	v. HUDDERSFIELD	STOKE	v. MILLWALL
NEWCASTLE UNITED	v. LIVERPOOL	CHELSEA	v. HULL CITY	COVENTRY	v. Q. P. RANGERS
EVERTON	v. BLACKBURN ROVERS	GAINSBORO' T.	v. FULHAM	LEYTON	v. BRENTFORD
OLDHAM ATHLETIC	v. TOTTENHAM H.	GRIMSBY	v. BRADFORD	PLYMOUTH	v. READING
SHEFFIELD UNITED	v. MANCHESTER UNITED	LEICESTER FOSSE	v. DERBY COUNTY	LUTON	v. SWINDON
MANCHESTER CITY	v. SHEFFIELD W.	NOTTS FOREST	v. BARNSLEY	NORWICH	v. EXETER
BRADFORD CITY	v. MIDDLESBRO'	BRIGHTON	v. WEST HAM UNITED		

Don't Fail to Send a Voucher.

I agree to abide by the decision published in JOHN BULL and "Lotinga's Weekly," and I enter this Competition on that clear understanding.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Should no one give all the correct results, £25 will be awarded each and every week to the competitor whose estimate is most nearly accurate. In the event of a tie the £25 will be divided.

See page 452 for Result of Competition No. 12.

AND AS PROMPT.

THE BANK PAYS ON DEMAND, AND SO DOES

DOUGLAS STUART

Terms for 1912 now ready, and contain a **New Concession** absolutely preventing Clients' loss by undelivered or incorrect Telegrams . . . . .

All letters respecting DEPOSIT BUSINESS MUST be addressed ONLY to

BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

(Quite sufficient address.) Postage 2½d., Postcards 1d.

SYSTEM SPECIALIST, WITHOUT COMMISSION.

Don't waste time writing for quotations. Full Market Price Guaranteed as ruling when letter is Post Marked.

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For Credit Accounts Only.

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